3 1761 04728389 0

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

Date of the first known edition, ... 1603
(*British Museum. C* 3. *a.* 19.)
Entered in Henslowe's Diary 1599
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

11971 2
28/10/11

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 90.

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

11941/2

28/10/11

PR
2411
P2
1603a

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

The original of this facsimile is, as stated, in the British Museum. Collier, in 1841, *in the introduction to his reprint for the Shakespeare Society, said the play possessed "almost the rarity of a manuscript:" there was, he said, no copy in the British Museum; none at Cambridge; the only other public library that contained it was the Bodleian; the only private collection that of the Duke of Devonshire. Collier possessed an imperfect copy given him by the Duke. Notwithstanding this, the press-mark of the present B.M. copy shows that the book came to the Museum in the King's Library, "presented" by George IV. in* 1823. *Furthermore, the Roxburghe arms stamped on the covers and on the back of the title-page indicate that the book passed into the Royal Library at the sale of the 3rd Duke of Roxburghe's library in* 1812. *So, Collier was wrong; even as the departmental assistant of the B.M. is now wrong in allowing the statement to pass in the General Catalogue that "there appear to be only two copies extant.*

Also, there is a note on one of the fly-leaves at the beginning: "The only copy extant. I.B. 1788." *Below this is a pencilled note: "I have seen another Copy but it was imperfect. G. N." The identity of both "I.B." and "G.N." is unknown."*

According to "Henslowe's Diary" the authors were "Chettle, Haughton and Dekker," for whose records see "The Dictionary of National Biography." The entry occurs under date of 19*th December,* 1599. *It was entered on the Stationers' Registry for publication in the following March.*

Across the title page is what purports to be the autograph of "William Shakespeare." Opposite the title-page appears in pencil the following note by the late Dr. Garnett:—"The signature on the title-page has been submitted to Mr. Bond, who pronounces it to be spurious, and adds that it strongly resembles those in the Ireland forgeries. R. G. Oct. 28, 1869."

A comparison of this facsimile with the original shows that the reproduction is (says Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) "altogether admirable, reproducing the varying degrees of clearness or faintness of the type with almost unfailing accuracy; and indicating, without exaggerating, the occasional yellow stains: e.g. Bi. *recto,* Ii. *verso,* Iii. *recto—are excellent facsimiles of difficult pages."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE PLEASANT COMODIE OF Patient Grisfill.

As it hath beene ſundrie times lately plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord high Admirall) his ſeruants.

W. Shakſpeare

LONDON.
Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to be ſolde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry.
1603.

The pleaſant Commœdye of Patient Griſsill.

Enter the Marqueſſe, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, and hunteſmen: all like Hunters. A noyſe of hornes within.

Marqueſſe.

LOoke you ſo ſtrang my hearts, to ſée our limbes
Thus ſuited in a Hunters liuery?
Oh tis a louely habite, when gréene youth
Like to the flowry blоſſome of the ſpring,
Conformes his outward habite to his minde,
Looke how yon one eyd wagoner of heauen,
Hath by his horſes fiery winged hwfes,
Burſt ope the melancholy Jayle of Night,
And with his gilt beames cunning Alchimy,
Turnd al theſe cloudes to gold, who (with the winds)
Vpon their miſty ſhoulders bring in day:
Then ſally not this morning with foule lookes,
But teach your Jocond ſpirits to ply the Chaſe,
For hunting is a ſport for Emperors.

Pau. We know it is, and therefore doe not throw
On theſe your paſtimes, a contracted brow,
How ſwift youths Bias runs to catch delights,
To me is not vnknowne: no brother Gualther,

When you were woo'd by vs to choose a wife,
This day you vowed to wed: but now I see,
Your promises turne all to mockerie.
Lepi. This day your self appointed to giue answere
To all those neighbour-Princes, who in loue
Offer their Daughters, Sisters and Allies,
In marriage to your hand: yet for all this
The houre being come that calles you to your choyce
You stand prepard for sport and start aside:
To hunt poore deere when you should seeke a Bride.
Marq. May come Mario your opinion too,
Y'ad neede of ten men's wit that goes to woe.
Ma. First satisfie these Princes, who expect
Your gracious answere to their embassies,
Then may you freelie reuell: now you flie
Both from your owne vowes, & their amitie. (wife
Marq. How much your iudgmens erre: who gets a
Must like a huntsman beate vntrodden pathes,
To gaine the flying presence of his loue.
Looke how the yelping beagles spend their mouthes
So Louers doe their sighes: and as the deare,
Out-strips the actiue hound, & oft turnes backe
To note the angrie visage of her foe,
Who greedy to possesse so sweet a pray,
Neuer giues ouer till he seaze on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who great with scorne
Shew the care-pined hearts, that sue to them
Yet on that feined slight, (Loue conquering them)
They cast an eye of longing backe againe,
As who would say, be not dismaid with frownes,
For though our tongues speake no: our hearts sound
Or if not so, before theile misse their louers, (yea,
Their sweet breathes shal perfume the Amorous ayre
And braue them still to run in beauties Chase:
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I must get a wife: but be content,

So

So yo'ule ingage your faith by othe to vs,
Your willes shall answere mine, my liking yours,
And that no wrinckle on your cheekes shall ride,
This day the Marquesse bowes to choose a bride.
Pa. Euen by my honor,
Marq. Brother be aduis'd,
The importunitie of you and these,
Thrusts my free thoughts into the poake of loue,
To grone vnder the loade of marriage,
Since then you throwe this burthen on my youth
Sweare to me whome soeuer my fancie choose,
Of what discent, beautie or birth she be,
Her you shall like and loue as you loue me. (please,
Pa. Now by my birth I sweare, wed whome you
And Ile imbrace her with a brothers arme.
Lepi. Mario and my selfe to your faire choice,
Shall yeeld all ducties and true reuerence.
Marq. Your protestations please me Iollilie,
Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares
Of our swift forrest, Cittizens proclaime,
Defiance to their lightnes: our sports done,
The Venson that we kill shall feast our bride,
If she proue bad, ile cast all blame on you,
But if sweet peace succeede this amorous strife,
Ile say my wit was best to choose a wife. Exeunt.

As they goe in, hornes sound & hollowing within: that done, Enter Ianicolo, Grisil, and Babulo, with two baskets begun to be wrought.

Bab. Olde Walter heeres a morning able to make vs worke tooth and nalle (marrie then we must haue victualls) the Sun hath plaid boe peep in the element anie time these two houres, as I doe some mornings whē you cal: what Babulo say you: heere Walter say I and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouse, ile trill:

what Babulo ſayes Griſſil, anone ſay I, and then this eye lookes vp, yet do one I ſnug againe: what Babulo ſay you againe, and then I ſtart vp, and ſée the Sunne, and then ſnéeze, and then ſhake mine eares, and then riſe, and then get my breakfaſt, and then fal to worke, and then waſh my hands, and by this time I am ready: héer's your baſket, and Griſſil héer's yours.

Ian. Fetch thine own Babulo lets ply our buſines.

Bab. God ſend me good lucke Maſter.

Gri. Why Babulo, what's the matter?

Bab. God forgiue mee, I thinke I ſhall not eate a pecke of ſalt: I ſhall not liue long ſure, I ſhould be a rich man by right, for they neuer doe good déedes, but when they ſée they muſt dye, and I haue now a monſtrous ſtomacke to worke, becauſe I thinke I ſhall not liue long.

Ian. Coe foole, ceaſe this vaine talke and fall to worke.

Bab. Ile hamper ſome body if I dye, becauſe I am a baſket maker. Exie.

Ian. Come Griſſill, worke ſweet girle, héere the warme Sunne will ſhine on vs,
And when his fires begin,
We'll cole our ſweating browes in yonder ſhade.

Gri. Father, me thinkes it doth not fit a maide,
By ſitting thus in view, to draw mens eyes
To ſtare vpon her: might it pleaſe your age,
I could be more content to worke within.

Ian. Indéed my childe, mens eyes do now adaies,
Quickly take fire at the leaſt ſparke of beauty,
And if thoſe flames be quencht by chaſt diſdaine,
Then their inuenom'd tongues (alacke) doe ſtrike,
To wound her fame whoſe beauty they did like.

Gri. I will auoide their darts and worke within.

Ian. Thou needſt not, in a painted coate goes ſin,

And

And loues thole that loue pride; none lookes on thee,
Then keepe me companie: how much vnlike
Are thy desires to manie of thy ser?
How manie wantons in Saliua,
Frowne like the sullen night, when their faire faces
Are hid within doores: but got once abroad,
Like the proud Sun they spred their staring beames,
They shine out to be seene, their loose eyes tell,
That in their bosomes wantonnes doe dwell:
Thou canst not doe so Grisill, for thy Sun,
Is but a Starre, thy Starre, a sparke of fire,
Which hath no power t'inflame doting desire:
Thy silkes are thrid-bare russets: all thy portion
Is but an honest name: that gon thou art dead,
Though dead thou liu'st, that being vnblemished.

Gri. If to die free from shame be neve to die,
Then Ile be crownd with immortallitie. (soule

Ian. Pray God thou maist: yet childe my iealous
Trembles through feares, so often as mine eyes
Sees our Duke court thee: and when to thine eares
He tunes sweet loue-songs: oh beware my Grisill
He can prepare his way with gifts of golde,
Vpon his breath, winged Promotion flies
Oh my deare Girle trust not his sorceries,
Did he not seeke the shipwracke of thy fame?
Whie should he send his tailors to take measure
Of Grisils bodie: but as one should say,
If thou wilt be the Marquesse concubine,
Thou shalt weare rich attires: but they that thinke,
With costly garments, sins blacke face to hide,
Weare naked brauerie and ragged pride. (feares

Gri. God father doe not shake your age with
Although the Marquesse sometimes visit vs,
Yet all his words and deedes are like his birth,
Steept in true honor: but admit they were not,
Before my soule looke black with speckled sinne,

By

My hands shal make me pale deathes vnderling,
Ian. The musick of those words sweete mine eares
Come girle lets faster worke: time apace weares.

Enter Babulo with his worke.

Gris. Come Babulo why hast thou staid so long?
Ba. Nay why are you so short, Masters heeres more me I tooke (since I went) for a cradle: this yeare I thinke be leape yeare, for wone doe nothing but buy cradles, by my troth I thinke the world is at an end, for as soone as we be borne we marrie: as sone as we marrie we get children, (by hooke or by crooke gotten they are) children must haue cradles, and as soone as they are in them, they hop out of the, for I haue seene little girls that yesterday had scarce a hand to make them ready, the next day had worne wedding rings on their fingers, so that if the world doe not ende, we shall not liue one by another: basket making as all other trades runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be worth a button, for non in this cutting age sowe true stitches, but taylers and shoomakers, & yet now and then they tread their shooes a wrie too.
Ia. Let not thy tongue goe so: sit downe to worke
And that our labour may not seeme to long,
Weele cunningly beguile it with a song.
Ba. Doe master for thats honest cousonage.

The Song.

Song Art thou poore yet hast thou golden Slumbers:
Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed?
Oh punnishment.
Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed?
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.
O sweet content, o sweet &c.

My hands shal make me pale deathes vnderling,
Ian. The musick of those words sweete mine eares
Come girle lets falter worke: time apace weares.

Enter Babulo with his worke.

Gris. Come Babulo why hast thou staid so long?
Ba. Nay why are you so short, Maisters heeres mo-
nie I tooke (since I went) for a cradle: this yeare I
thinke be leape yeare, for wome doe nothing but buy
cradles, by my troth I thinke the world is at an end,
for as soone as we be borne we marrie: as sone as we
marrie we get children, (by hooke or by crooke gotten
they are) children must haue cradles, and as soone as
they are in them, they hop out of the, for I haue seene
little girls that yesterday had scarce a hand to make
them ready, the nert day had worne wedding rings
on their fingers, so that if the world doe not ende, we
shall not liue one by another: basket making as all o-
ther trades runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be
worth a button, for non in this cutting age sowe true
stitches, but taylers and shoomakers, & yet now and
then they tread their shooes a wrie too.
Ia. Let not thy tongue goe so: sit downe to worke
And that our labour may not seeme to long,
Weele cunningly beguile it with a song.
Ba. Doe master for thats honest cousonage.

The Song.

Song Art thou poore yet hast thou golden *Slumbers*:
Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed?
Oh punnishment.
Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed?
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.
O sweet content, o sweet &c.

Foote Worke

Foote Worke apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour beares a louely face,
Then hey noney, noney: hey noney, noney.

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring,
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sinck'st in thine owne teares,
O punn shment.
Then hee that patiently wants, burden beares,
No burden beares, but is a King, a King,
O sweet content, &c.
Foot. Worke apace, apace, &c.

Enter Laureo.

Ba. Keep master, yonder comes your Sonne
Ian. Laureo my Sonne: oh heauen let thy rich hand
Poure plentious shewers of blessing on his head.
Lau. Treble the number fall vppon your age,
Sister?
Gri. Deare brother Laureo welcome home.
Ba. Master Laureo) (aniculaes sonne) welcome home, how doe the nine muses, Pride, couetousnes, enuie, sloth, wrath, gluttonie and letcherie? you that are Schollers read how they doe.
Lau. Muses: these (foole) are the seauen deadly sins.
Ba. Are they: Mas me thinkes its better seruing the, then your nine muses, for they are starke beggers.
Ian. Often I haue wisht to see you heere,
Lau. It grieues me that you see me heere so soone.
Ian. Why Laureo dost thou grieue to see thy father,
Or dost thou scorne me for my pouertie.
Ba. He needes not, for he lookes like poore Iohn himselfe, eight to a necke of Mutton, is not that your commons, & a Cue of breade?
Lau. Father I grieue my young yeares to your age, should adde more sorrowe.

Ian. Why sonne whats the matter?

Lau. That which to thinke on makes me desperate.
I that haue charged my friends, and from my father
Pulde more then he could spare, I that haue lind,
These nine yeares at the Universitie,
Must now for this worlds deuill: this angell of golde,
Haue all those daies and nights to beggerie solde,
Through want of money, what I want I misse,
Who is more scorn'd then a poore scholler is?

Bab. Yes three things: Age, wisdome, & basket ma-

Gri. Brothers whatmeanes these words? (kers

Lau. Oh I am mad.
To thinke how much a Scholler undergoes,
And in th'ende reapes naught but penurie.
Father I am inforced to leaue my booke,
Because the studie of my booke doth leaue me,
In the leane armes of lancke necessitie,
Hauing no shelter (ah me) but to flie
Into the sanctuarie of your aged armes.

Bab. A trade, a trade, follow basket-making, leaue bookes and turne block-head.

Ian. Peace fole, welcome my sonne, though I am poore
My loue shall not be so: goe daughter Grisill,
Fetch water from the spring to seeth our fish,
Which yester day I caught: the cheare is meane,
But be content, when I haue solde these Baskets,
The monie shall be spent to bid thee welcome:
Grisill make hast, run and kindle fire. Exit. Grisill.

Ba. Goe Grisill Ile make fire, and scoure the kettle, its a hard world when schollers eate fish vpon flesh daies

Lau. Is't not a shame for me that am a man, (Exit. Ba.
Nay more, a scholler to endure such neede,
That I must pray on him, whome I should feede? (woe

Ian. Nay grieue not Sonne, better haue seit worse
Come sit by me while I worke to get bread,
And Grisill spin vs yearne to cloath our backs.

Than

Thou shalt reade doctrine to vs for the soule,
Then what shall we there want, nothing my sonne
For when we cease from worke euen in that while,
My song shall charme grieses eares and care beguile.

Enter Grisill running with a Pitcher.

Gris. Father as I was running to fetch water,
I saw the Marquesse with a gallant traine
Come riding towards vs, O see where they come.

Enter Marquesse, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, two Ladies and some other attendants.

Mar. See where my Grisill, and her father is,
Me thinkes for beautie shining through those weedes,
Seemes like a bright starre in the sullen night.
How louely pouertie dwels on her backe,
Did but the proud world note her as I doe,
She would cast off rich robes, forsweare rich state,
To cloth them in such poore abiliments,
Father good fortune euer blesse thine age.
Ian. All happines attend my gracious Lorde.
Marq. And what with you faire Maide?
Gris. That your high thoughts.
To your contentment may be satisfied.
Mar, Thou wouldst with soe, knewst thou for what I (come
Brother of Pauia beholde this virgin,
Mario Lepido is she not faire?
Pa. Brother I haue not seene so meane a creature,
So full of beautie.
Mar. Were but Grisils birth,
As worthie as her forme, she might be held
A fit companion for the greatest state.
Lan. Oh blindnes, so that men may beautie finde,
They neere respect the beauties of the minde,

Mar. Father Ianicola whats her that speakes
Ian. A poore despised scholler and my Sonne.
Mar. This is no time to holde dispute with schollers
Tell me in faith olde man what dost thou thinke,
Because the Marquesse visits thee so oft?
Ian. The will of Princes subiects must not serch,
Let it suffice, your grace is welcome hither.
Marq. And ile requite that welcome if I liue,
Grissill suppose a man should loue you dearely,
As I know some that doe, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like.
Gri. None is so fond to fancie pouertie.
Mar. I say there is: come Lords stand by my side,
Nay brother you are sped and haue a wife,
Then giue vs leaue that are all Batchelers,
Now Grissil, eye vs well and giue your verdicte,
Which of vs three you holde the properest man,
Gri. I haue no skill to iudge proportions.
Marq. Nay then you iest, women haue eagles eyes,
To pie euen to the heart, and why not you?
Come, we stand fairely, freely speake your minde,
For by my birth, he whome thy choice shall blesse,
Shall be thy husband.
Mar. What intends your grace?
Lepi. My Lord I haue vowed to leade a single life,
Marq. A single life? this cunning cannot serue,
Doe not I know you loue her I haue heard?
Your passions spent for her, your sighes for her,
Mario to the wonder of her beautie,
Compiled a Sonnet.
Mar. I my Lord write sonnets?
Marq. You did intreate me to intreate her father,
That you might haue his daughter to his wife.
Lep. To anie one I willingly resigne,
All interest in her, which doth looke like mine,
Mar. My Lorde I sweare she nere shall be my bride,

I hope theele sweare so too being thus deride,
Marq. Both of you turn'd Apostates in loue,
Nay then Ile play the eryer: once, twice, thrice,
Speake or thee's gone els: no, since twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet thee's for me.
Pau. What meane you Brother?
Marq. Faith no more but this:
By loues most wondrous Metamorphosis,
To turne this Maide into your Brothers wife,
Nay sweet heart looke not strange I doe not iest,
But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart,
Gualter protests he loues thee with his heart,
Lau. The admiration of such happines,
Makes me astonisht.
Gris. Oh my gracious Lord,
Humble not your high state to my lowe birth,
Whome not worthy to be held your slaue,
Much lesse your wife.
Marq. Grisill that shall suffice,
I count thee worthie: olde Iamcola,
Art thou content that I shall be thy Sonne?
Ian. I am unworthy of so great a good.
Marq. Tush tush talk not of worth, in honest tearmes
Tell me if I shall haue her? for by heauen
Unlesse your free consent alowe my choice,
To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.
Whats thy Sonnes name?
Ian. Laureo My gracious Lord.
Marq. Ile haue both your consents: I tell ye Lords,
I haue wooed the virgin long, oh manie an houre,
Haue I bin glad to steale from all your eyes,
To come disguis'd to her: I sweare to you,
Beautie first made me loue, and vertue woe,
I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride
What vertues were intempled in her brest,
My chast hart swore that she should be my bride

Say

I hope theele ſweare ſo too being thus deuide,
Marq. Both of you turn'd Apoſtataes in loue,
Nay then Ile play the cryer: once, twice, thrice,
Speake or thee's gone els: no, ſince twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet thee's for me.
Pau. What meane you Brother?
Marq. Faith no more but this:
By loues moſt wondrous Metamorphoſis,
To turne this Maide into your Brothers wife,
Nay ſweet heart looke not ſtrange I doe not ieſt,
But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart,
Gualter proteſts he loues thee with his heart,
Lau. The admiration of ſuch happines,
Makes me aſtoniſht.
Griſ. Oh my gracious Lord,
Humble not your high ſtate to my lowe birth,
Whome not worthy to be held your ſlaue,
Much leſſe your wife.
Marq. Griſſill that ſhall ſuffice,
I count thee worthie: olde Iuicola,
Art thou content that I ſhall be thy Sonne?
Ian. I am vnworthy of ſo great a good.
Marq. Tuſh tuſh talk not of worth, in honeſt termes
Tell me if I ſhall haue her? for by heauen
Vnleſſe your free conſent alowe my choice,
To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.
Whats thy Sonnes name?
Ian. Laureo My gracious Lord.
Marq. Ile haue both your conſents: I tell ye Lords,
I haue wooed the virgin long, oh manie an houre,
Haue I bin glad to ſteale from all your eyes,
To come diſguiſ'd to her: I ſweare to you,
Beautie firſt made me loue, and vertue woe,
I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride
What vertues were intempled in her breſt,
My chaſt hart ſwore that ſhe ſhould be my bride

Say

Say Father, muſt I be forſworne or noe?
Ian. What to my Lord ſeemes beſt to me ſeemes ſo
Marq. Laureo whats your opinion?
Lau. Thus my Lorde.
If equall thoughts durſt both your ſtates conferre,
Her's is to lowe, and you to high for her,
Marq. What ſaies faire Griſſill now?
Gris. This doth ſhe ſay,
As her olde Father yeeldes to your dread will,
So ſhe her fathers pleaſure muſt fulfill.
If olde Ianicola make Griſſill yours,
Griſſill muſt not deny, yet had ſhe rather,
Be the poore Daughter ſtill of her poore Father.
Marq. Ile guld that pouertie and make it ſhine,
With beames of dignitie: this baſe attire,
Theſe Ladies ſhal teare of, and decke thy beautie
In robes of honour, that the world may ſay,
Vertue and beautie was my bride to day.
Mar. This meane choice, will diſtaine your noblenes
Marq. No more Mario then it doth diſgrace
The Sunne to ſhine on me.
Lep. Shee's poore and baſe.
Marq. Shee's rich: for vertue beautifies her face.
Pau. What will ỹ world ſay when the trump of fame
Shall ſound your high birth with a beggers name?
Marq. The world ſtill lookes a ſquint, & I deride
His purblind iudgement; Griſſill is my Bride,
Ianicola, and Laureo: father, brother,
You and your Son grac'd with our royall fauour,
Shall liue to outweare time in happines.

Enter Babulo.

Ba. Maſter I haue made a good fire: ſirha Griſſill, the (ſi ſhe
Ian. Fall on thy knees thou fople: ſee heeres our duke
Ba. I haue not offended him, therefore Ile not ducke

and

and he were ten Dukes.
Ile kneele to none but God and my Prince.
Lau. This is thy Prince, be ſilent Babulo.
Bab. Silence is a vertue, marie tis a dumbe vertue: I loue vertue that ſpeakes, and has a long tongue like a belweather, to leade other vertues after: if he be a Prince, I hope hee is not Prince ouer my tongue, snailes, wherefore come all theſe: Maſter heeres not fiſh enough for vs, Sirha Griſſill the fire burnes out.
Marq. Tell me my loue what pleaſant fellow is this?
Gri. My aged Fathers ſeruant my gracious Lorde.
Bab. How, my loue: maſter a worde to ỹ wife, ſcilicet me my loue. Marq. Whats his name,
Bab. Babulo Sir is my name.
Marq. Why doſt thou tremble for we are al thy friends
Bab. Its hard ſir for this motley Ierkin, to find friendſhip with this fine doublet.
Marq. Ianicola bring him to Court with thee.
Bab. You may be aſham'd to lay ſuch knauiſh burden vppon olde ages ſhoulders: but I ſee they are ſtooping a little, all crie doione with him: He ſhall not bring me ſir, ile carrie my ſelfe.
Marq. I pray thee doe, Ile haue thee line at court,
Ba. I haue a better trade ſir, baſketmaking,
Marq. Griſſill I like thy mans ſimplicitie,
Still ſhall he be thy ſeruant Babulo,
Griſſill thy miſtreſſe, now ſhall be my wife.
Bab. I thinke ſir I am a fitter huſband for her.
Marq. Why ſhouldſt thou think, I wil make her rich
Bab. Thats al one ſir, beggers are fit for beggers, gẽtlefolkes for gẽtlefolkes: I am afraid ỹ this wõder of ỹ rich louing ỹ poor, wil laſt but nine daies: old Mr bid this merrie gentlemã home to dinner, you ſhal haue a good diſh of fiſh ſir: & thank him for his good wil to your daughter Griſ. for ile be hãgd if he do not (as many rich cogging marchãts) now a daies doe when they haue got what they would, giue

giue her the belles, let her flye.

Gri. Oh heare my Lord with his intemperate tongue

Marq. Griſſill I take delight to heare him talke.

Bab. I, I, y'oare beſt take mee vp for your foole: are not you he, that came ſpeaking for to Griſſill heere, doe you remember how I knockt you once for offering to haue a liche at her lips.

Marq. I doe remember it and for thy paines,
A golden recompence ile giue to thee.

Bab. Why doe, and ile knock you as often as you liſt.

Marq. Griſſill this merrie fellow ſhall be mine,
But we forget our ſelues, the daie growes olde.
Come Lords cheare vp your lookes & with faire ſmiles,
Grace our intended nuptials: time may come,
When all commaunding loue your hearts ſubdue,
The Marqueſſe may performe as much for you. Exeunt.

Enter Farneze, Vrcenze, and Rice meeting them running.

Far. Rice how now man? whether art ỹ galloping?

Ric. Faith euen to finde a full maunger: my teeth water till I be mouncking, I haue bin at the Cutlers, to bid him bring away Sir Owens rapier, and I am ambling home thus faſt, for feare I am driuen to faſt.

Vrc. But Sirha Rice, when's the day? will not thy maſter Sir Owen and Signior Emulo fight?

Ric. No, for Signior Emulo has warn'd my Maſter to the court of Conſcience, and theres an order ſet downe, that the coward ſhall pay my Maſter good words weekelie, till the debt of his choller be runne out.

Far. Excellent, but did not Emulo write a challenge to Sir Owen.

Rice. No he ſent a terrible one, but hee gaue a ſexton of a Church a groate to write it, and hee ſet his marke to it,

it, for the gull can neither write nor reade.

Ric. Ha ha, not write and reade? why I haue seene him pul out a bundle of sonnets writen, & read them to Ladies.

Far. He got thē by heart Vrcenze, & so deceiu'd the poor soules: as a gallant whome I know, cozens others: for my briske spāgled babie wil come into a Stationers shop, call for a stoole and a cushion, and then asking for some greeke Poet, to him he falles, and there he grumbles God knowes what, but Ile be sworne he knowes not so much as one Character of the tongue.

Ric. Why then its greeke to him.

Far. Ha, ha, Emulo not write and read?

Ric. Not a letter and you would hang him.

Vrc. Then heele neuer be saued by his book.

Ric. No nor by his good workes, for heele doe none. Signiors both, I commend you to the skies, I commit you to God, adew.

Far. Nay sweet Rice a little more,

Ric. A little more will make me a great deale lesse, house keeping you know is out of fashion: vnlesse I ride post, I kisse the post: in a worde ile tell you all, challenge was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fooles, Emulo coward, Sir Owen braue man, farewell, dinner, hungrie: little cheare, great great stomacke, meate meat, meate, mouth, mouth, mouth, adue, adue, adue. Exit.

Vrc. Ha, ha, adue Rice, Sir Owen belike keepes a leane kitchin.

Far. What els man, thats one of the miserable vowes he makes when hee's dubd: yet he doth but as manie of his brother knights doe, keepe an ordinarie table for him and his long coate follower.

Vrc. That long coate makes the master a little king, for whersoeuer his piece of a footman comes hopping after him, hees sure of a double guarde.

Far. Ile set some of the Pages vpon thy skirts for this

Vrc. I shall feele them no more then so many fleas,

therefore I care not: but Farneze youle prooue a moſt accompliſht corecombe.

Far. Oh olde touch lad, this ponker is rig'ht Trinidado pure leafe Tobacco, for indeed hee's nothing purffe, reeke, and would be tried (not by God and his countrie) but by fire, the verie ſoule of his ſubſtance and needes would conuert into ſmoke.

Vrc. Hee's Steele to the backe you ſee, for he writes Challenges.

Far. True, and Iron to the head, oh theres a rich leaden minerall amongſt his braines, if his ſkuil were well digd, Sirha Vrcence, this is one of thoſe changeable Silke galiants, who in a verie ſcuruie prid, ſcorne alſchollers, and reade no bookes but a looking glaſſe, and ſpeake no language but ſweet Lady, and ſweet Signior and chew betweene their teeth terrible words, as though they would coniure, as complement and Proiects, and Faſtidious, & Capritchious, and Miſpriſian, and the Sintheresis, of the ſoule, and ſuch like raiſe veluet tearmes.

Vrc. What be the accontremēts now of theſe gallāts?

Far. Indeed thats one of their fuſtiā outlādiſh phraſes to, marrie ſir their accontremēts, are al ỹ fātaſticke faſhions, ỹ can be taken vp, either vpō truſt or at ſecond hand.

Vrc. Whats their quallities?

Far. None good, theſe are the beſt: to make good faces: to take Tobacco well, to ſpit well, to laugh like a wayting Gentlewoman, to lie well, to bluſh for nothing, to looke big vpon little fellowes, to ſcoffe with a grace, though they haue a verie filthie grace in ſcoffing, and for a neede to ride prettie and well.

Vrc. They cannot chooſe but ride well, becauſe euerie good wit rides them.

Far. Heere's the difference, that they ride vpon horſes, and when they are ridden they are ſpur'd for aſſes, ſo they can crie wighee and hollow kicking iade, they care not if they haue no more learning then a Iade.

Exeũt

Enter Emuloes Sir Owen talking, Rice after them eating secretly.

Vrc. No more of these Iadish tricks: heere comes the hobbie horse.

Far. Oh he would daunce a morrice rarely if hee were hung with belles. Vrc. He would iangle vilanously.

Far. Peace lets incounter them.

S. O. By God Sir Emuloes, sir Owen is clad out a crie becaus is friends with her, for Sir Owen sweare, did her not sweare Rice? Ric. Yes forsooth. Spit out his meate.

S.Ow. By God is sweare terrible to knog her pade, and sling her ipingle legs at plum trees, when her come to fall to her tagger and fencing trigs, yes faith and to breag her shins did her not Rice? Ric. Yes by my troth Sir.

S.Ow. By Gods doge me is all true, and to giue her a great teale of blouddie nose, because Sir Emuloes you challenge the prittish Knight, Rice you knowe Sir Owen shentleman first, and secondly knight, what apor ale you Rice, is shoke now? (man.

Ric. No sir I haue my fiue sences and am as wel as any

S.O. Well here is hand, now is mighty friends.

Emu. Sir Owen

Far. Now the gallimaufrie of language comes in.

Emu. I protest to you, the magnitude of my condolement, hath bin eleuated the higher to see you and my selfe, two gentlemen.

S.Ow. Nay tis well knowne Sir Owen is good shentleman, is not Rice? (words.

Ric. He that shall deny it Sir ile make him eate his

Emu. Good friend I am not in the Negatiue, bee not so Capritchious, you misprize me, my collocution tendeth to S. Owens dignifiing.

Fra. Lets step in, God saue you Singnior Emulo.

Vrc. Well encountred S. Owen.

S.O. Giue, how do you S. Em. is frends out a cry now

but Emuloes take heede, you match no more loue trigs to widdow Gwenchyans, by God bydge me, that doe so must knoge her, see you nowe?

Em. Not so tempestious swæt knight: though to my disconsolation, I will obliuionize my loue to the welch widdowe, and doe heere proclaime my delinquishment, but sweet Signior be not to Diogenicall to me,

Sir O. Ha ha is know wenot what genicalls meane, but Sir Owen will genicall her, and her tag her genicalling Gwenchyan.

Far. May faith weele haue you sound friends indeede, otherwise you know, Signior Emulo, if you should beare all the wrongs, you would be our Athlalled.

Emu. Most true.

Sir O. By god is out a trio friends, but harg Farneze, Vreenze tiwag a great teale to Emuloes: Ow. is great teale of frends: ha ha is tell fine admirable shest, by God Emuloes, for feare S. Owen, knog her shines, is tell, Sir Owen by tozen shentlemen her pooets is put about with lathes, ha, ha, serge her serge her.

Fa. No more tell Vreenze of it: why should you two fall out for the loue of a woman, considering what store we haue of them? Sir Emulo I gratulate your peace, your company you know is precious to vs, and weele bee merrie, and ride abroad: before god now I talke of riding, Sir Owen me thinkes has an excellent boote.

Vre. His leg graces the boote.

S. Ow. By God is fine leg and fine poote to: but Emulas leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to weare.

Emu. I bought them of a pennurious Cordwainer, & they are the most incongruent that ere I ware.

S. Own. Congruent? sploud what leather is congruent, spanish leather?

Emu. Ha ha, well Gentlemen I haue other proiects becken for me, I must disgresse from this bias, and leaue you: accept I beseech you of this vulgar and domestick

complement.

complement.

Whilst they are saluting, Sir Owen gets to Emuloes leg and puls downe his Boote.

Sir.O. Pray Emuloes let her see her congruence leather ha ha, owe what a por is heere: ha, ha is mag a wall to her shins, for keeb her warme?

Fa. Whats heer lathes? where's the lime & hair Emulo,

Ric. Oh rare, is this to saue his shins?

S.Ow. Ha, ha, Rice goe call Gwenthyan,

Ric. I will master dahoma, Gewnthyan dahoma?

S.Ow. A pogs on her goe sedge her and call her within

Ric I am gone sir. Exit Rice.

Fa. Nay sir Owen what meane you?

S.Ow. By Cod is meane ta let Gwenthyan see what bobie foole loue her, apogs on you.

Emu. Sir Owen and Signiors both, doe not expatiate my obloquie, my loue shall bee so fast conglutinated to you,

S.Ow. Cods plud, you call her gluttons, Gwenthyan, so ho Gwenthyan?

Emu. Ile not disgest this pill, Signiors adieu. You are Fastidious and I banish you. Exit Emulo.

Enter Gwenthyan.

Fa. Gods so, heere comes the widdow, but in faith Sir Owen say nothing of this.

S Ow. No goe to thē, by Cod Sir Owen beare as praue minde as Emprour.

Gwe. Who calles Gwenthyan so great teale of time?

Vrc. Sweet widdow euen your countrieman heere.

S.Ow. Belly the ruddo whee: wrage witho, Mandag eny Mou du ac whellock en wea awh.

Gwe. Sir Owen gramarrye whee; Gwenthyan Mandage

eny, ac wellock en Thawen en ryn mogh.

Far Mundage Thlawen, oh my good widdow gabble that we may vnderſtand you, and haue at you.

S.Ow. Haue at her: nay by God is no haue at her to, Is tawge tn her prittiſh tongue, for tis fine delicates tongue, I can tell her. welſhe tongue is finer as greeke tongue.

Far A bakte Neates tongue is finer then both.

S.Ow, But what ſaies Gwenthyans now? will haue Sir Owen, Sir Owen is knowne for a wiſelie man, as any ſince Adam and Eues time, and that is by Gods vdge me a great teale agoe.

Vre. I thinke Salomon was wiſer then Sir Owen.

S.Ow. Salomons had prettie wit: but what ſay you to King Tauie: King Tauie is well knowne was as good muſitions, as the peſt fidler in aul Italie, and King Tauie was Sir Owens countrieman, yes truely a prettiſh ſhentlemen porne, and did twinckle, twinckle, twinckle, out a crie vpon welſh-harpe, and tis knowne Tauie loue Miſtris Perſabe, as Sir Owen loues Gwen.hyan: will her haue Sir Owen now?

Far Faith widdow take him, Sir owen is a tall man I can tell you.

S.ow. Tall man, as God vnde mee, her thinke the prittiſh ſhentelman, is faliant as Mars that is the fine knaues, the poets ſay the God of pribles prables, I hope widdowe you ſee little more in Sir owen then in Sir Emuloes, ſay ſhal her haue her now, tis faliant, as can deſire, I warrant her.

Gw. Sir owen, Sir owen, tis not for faliant, Gwenthyan care ſo much, but for honeſt and fertuous, and loving and pundall to leade her haue her will.

S.owe. God vdge mee, tage her away to her huſband, and is led her haue her will owd a crie, yet by God is pridle her well enoughe.

Gw. Well S.owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cozen

Glualcher

Gualther the Duke, for you knowe is her neere cozen by marriage, by tother husband that paing her from Wales.

ow. By God Wales is better countrie then Italies, a great teale so better.

Gw. Now if her cozen Gwalther say Gwenthyan tage ths pritish knight, shall loue her diggon: but must haue her good will: marg your thad Sir owen.

ow. Owe whats else: Sir owen marg yt ferrelwel, yet shall tage her downe quiglie inough, come widdowe will wag to the coward, now to her cozen, and bid her cozen tell her minde of Sir owen.

Gw. Poule man Gwenthyan Sir owen?

ow. Yes by God and prauely to, come Shentlemans you'le tag paines to goe with her?

Far. Weele follow you presently Sir owen.

S.ow. Come widdow: Vn loddis Glane Gwēthy ā mondu

Gw. Gramercie wheeh, Am a Mock honnoh. Exeunt.

Far. So this wil be rare: Sirrah Vrcenze, at the marriage night of these two, instreede of Io Hymen, we shall heere hey ho Hiemen, their loue will bee like a great fire made of bay leaues, that yeelds nothing but cracking noise, noise.

Vrc. If she misse his crowne tis no matter for cracking.

Far. So she loader it againe, it will passe currant.

Enter Onophrio and Iulia walking ouer the Stage.

Vrc. Peace heere comes our faire mistris.

Far. Lets haue a fling at her.

Vrc. So you may, but the hardnes is to hit her.

Ono. Farewel Farneze you attēd wel vpō your mistris,

Iul. Nay, nay, their wages shall be of the same colour that their seruice is of.

Far. Faith mistris would you had trauelled a litile sooner this way, you should haue seene a rare comedy acted by Emulo.

Vrc. Cuerie

Vrc. Cuerie courteous mouth will be a ſtage for that, rather tell her of the welch tragedie that's towards.

Iul. What Tragedie?

Far. Sir Owen ſhall marrie your couzen Gwenthyan.

Iul. Iſt poſſible: oh they two will beget braue warriours: for if ſhe ſcolde heele fight, and if he quarrell ſheele take vp the bucklers: ſhee's fire and hee's brimſtone, muſt not there be hot doeings then thinke you?

On. Theyle prooue Turtles, for their hearts being ſo like, they cannot chooſe but bee louing.

Iul. Turtles: Turkie-cocks, for Gods louelets intreate the Duke my brother, tomake a lawe, that whereſoeuer Sir Owen and his Ladie dwell, the next neighbour may alwaies be Conſtable, leaſt the peace bee broken, for theyl'e doe nothing but cryearme, arme, arme.

Far. I thinke ſir Owen would die rather then loſe her (loue

Iul. So thinke not I.

On. I ſhould for Iulia, if I were Iulies huſband.

Iul. Therefore Iulia ſhalnot be Onophries wife, for Ile haue none die for me.

I like not that coloure.

Far. Yes for your loue you would Iulia.

Iul. No' no? yet for my hate Farneze.

Vrc. Would you not haue men loue you ſweet miſtris?

Iul. No not I, fye vpon it ſweet ſeruant.

On. Would you wiſh men to hate you?

Iul. Yes rather then loue me, of al ſaints I loue not to ſerue miſtris Venus.

Far. Then I preeiue you meane to leade apes in hell.

Iul. That ſpitefull prouerbe was proclaim'd againſt them that are marryed vpon earth, for to be married is to liue in a kinde of hell.

Far. I as they doe at barlibreake.

Iul. Your wife is your ape, and that heauie burthen wedlocke, your Jacke an Apes clog, therefore ile not bee tyed too't: Maſter Farneze, ſweet virginitie is that

inuiſible

inuisible God-head that turns into Angells, that makes vs saints on earth and starres in heauen: heere Virgins seeme goodly, but there glorious: In heauen is no wooing yet all there are louely: in heauen are no weddings yet al there are louers.

On. Let vs sweet Madame turne earth into heauen, by being all louers heere to.

Iul. So we doe to an earthly heauen we turne it.

On. Nay but deare Iulia, tel vs why so much you hate, to enter into the lists of this same combat Martimonie?

Iul. You may well call that a combat, for indeede marriage is nothing else, but a battaile of loue, a friendly fighting, a kinde of fauourable terrible warre: but you erre Onophrio in thinking I hate it I deale by marriage as some Indians doe the Sunne, adore it, and reuerence it, but dare not stare on it, for feare I be starke blinde: you three are batchellers, and being sicke of this maidenhead, count al thinges bitter, which the phisicke of a single life minnisters vnto you: you imagine if you could mak the armes of faire Ladies the spheres of your hearts, good hearts, then you were in heauen: oh but Batchilers take heede, you are no sooner in that heauen, but you straite slip into hell.

Far. As long as I haue a beautifull Ladie to torment me, I care not.

Vrc. Nor I the sweetnes of her lookes shall make me relish any punnishment.

On. Except the punnishment of the horne Vrcenze, put that in.

Iul. Nay hee were best put that by: Lord, Lord, see what vnthrifts this loue makes vs? if he once but get into our mouthes, hee labours to turne our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in, at Cupids Church when we were better to bite off our tõgues, so we may thrust him out, Cupid is sworne enemie to time, & he that looseth time I can tell you looseth a friend.

Far. I, a bald friend.

Iu. Therefore my good seruants if, you weare my liuerie, cast of this loose vpper coate of loue : bee ashamde to waite vppon a boy, a wag, a blinde boy, a wanton: My brother the Duke wants our companies, tis Idlenes and loue, makes you captaines to this solitarines, followe me & loue not, ile teach you how to find libertie.

All. We obey to follow you, but not to loue you, no renounce that obedience. Exeunt

Enter the Marquesse and Furio.

Marq. Furio.

Fur. My Lorde.

Marq. Thy faith I oft haue tride, thy faith I credite
For I haue found it sollid as the rocke:
No babbling eccho sits vpon thy lips,
For silence euen in speach, doth seale them vp,
Wilt thou be trustie Furio to thy Lorde?

Fur. I will.

Marq. It is enough, those words I will,
Yeelds sweeter musicke then the gilded sounds,
Which chatting parrats long toung'd sicophants,
Send from the organs of their siren voice,
Grissill my wife thou seest beare in her wombe,
The ioy of marriage: Furio I protest,
My loue to her is as the heate to fire,
Her loue to mee as beautie to the Sunne,
(Inseperable adiuncts) in one word,
So dearely loue I Grissill, that my life
Shall end, when she doth ende to be my wife.

Fur. Tis well done.

Marq. Yet is my bosome burnt vp with desires,
To trie my Grissils patience, Ile put on
A wrinckled forehead, and turne both mine eyes,
Into two balles of fire, and claspe my hand

Like

Like to a mace of Iron, to threaten death.
But Furio when that hand lifts vp to strike,
It shall flie open to embrace my loue,
Yet Grisill must not knowe this: all my words,
Shall smack of wormewood, all my deeds of gall,
My tongue shall iarre, my hart be musicall,
Yet Grisill must not knowe this.

Enter Grisill.

Fur. Not for me,
Marq. Furio My triall is thy secrecie,
Ponder she comes: on goes this maske of frownes,
Tell her I am angrie: men men trie your wiues,
Loue that abides sharpe tempests, sweetely thriues.
Fur. My Lorde is angry.
Gris. Angry? the heauēs forefend: with whō? for what?
Is it with mee?
Fur. Not me.
Gris. May I presume,
To touch the vaine of that sad discontent,
Which swels vpon my deare Lords angrie brow?
Marq. Away away,
Gris. Oh chide me not away,
Your handmaid Grisill with vnuered thoughts,
And with an vnrepining soule, will beare
The burden of all sorrowes, of all woe,
Before the smallest griefe should wound you so.
Marq. I am not beholding to your loue for this,
Woman I loue thee not, thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of Basiliskes, they murder me.
Gris. Suffer me to part hence, Ile teare them out,
Because they worke such treason to my loue.
Marq. Talke not of loue I hate thee more the poyson
That stickes vpon the aires infected winges,
Exhald vp by the hot breath of the Sunne,

Tis for thy sake that speckled infamie,
Sits like a screech-owle on my honoured brest,
To make my subiects stare and mocke at mee,
They sweare theyle neuer bend their awfull knees,
To the base issue of thy begger wombe,
Tis for thy sake they curse me, raile at me,
Thinkst thou then I can loue thee (oh my soule)
Why didst thou builde this mountaine of my shame,
Why lye my ioyes buried in Grissills name?

Gri. My gracious Lorde.

Marq. Call not me gracious Lorde,
See woman heere hangs vp thine auncestrie,
The monuments of thy nobillitie,
This is thy russet gentrie, coate, and crest
Thy earthen honors I will neuer hide,
Because this bridle shall pull in thy pride.

Gris. Poore Grissill is not proud of these attires,
They are to me but as your liuerie,
And from your humble seruant when you please,
You may take all this outside, which indeede
Is none of Grissills, her best wealth is neede,
Ile cast this gaynesse of, and be content
To weare this russet brauerie of my owne,
For thats more warme then this, I shall looke olde,
No sooner in course freeze then cloth of golde.

Marq. Spite of my soule sheele triumph ouer mee.

Fur. Your gloue my Lord,

Marq. Cast downe my gloue againe,
Stoope you for it, for I will haue you stoope,
And kneele euen to the meanest groome I keepe.

Gris. Tis but my duetie if youle haue me stoope,
Euen to your meanest groome my Lord ile stoope.

Marq. Furio how slouenly thou goest attir'd?

Fur. Why so my lorde?

Marq Looke heere thy shooes are both vntide,
Grissill kneele you and tye them.

Fur. Pardon

Fur. Pardon me.
Marq. Quickely I charge you,
Gris. Friend you doe me wrong,
To let me holde my Lord in wrath so long,
Stand still Ile kneele and tye them: what I doe
Furio tis done to him and not to you. Tye them.
Fur. Tis so.
Marq. Oh strange oh admirall patience,
I feare when Grisills bones sleepe in her graue,
The world a second Grisill nere will haue,
Now get you in.
Gris. I goe my gracious Lord. Exit
Marq. Didst thou not here her sigh, did not one frown
Contract her beautious forehead.
Fur. I saw none
Marq. Did not one drop fal downe frõ forrowes eies,
To blame my heart for these her iniuries?
Fur. Faith not a drop, I feare sheele frowne on mee,
For doeing mee seruice?
Marq. Furio that ile trie,
My voice may yet ore-take her: Grisill, Grisill?

Enter Grisill.

Fur. She comes at first call.
Gris. Did my Lorde call?
Marq. Woman I cald thee not,
I said this slaue was like to Grisill, Grisill,
And must you therefore come to torture mee?
Nay stay here's a companion fit for you,
Thou vexst me, so doth this villaine to,
But ere the Sun to his highest throne ascend,
My indignation in his death shall end.
Gris. Oh pardone him my Lord, for mercies wings
Beares round about the world the fame of Kings,
Temper your wrath I beg it on my knee,

Forgive

Forgiue his fault though youle not pardon me,
Marq. Thanke her.
Fu. Thankes Madame.
Marq. I haue not true power,
To wound thee with deniall, oh my Griſill,
How dearely ſhould I loue thee,
Yea die to doe thee good, but that my ſubiects
Vpbraid me with thy birth, and call it baſe,
And grieue to ſee thy Father and thy Brother
Heau'd vp to dignities.
Griſ. Oh caſt them downe,
And ſend poore Griſill poorely home againe,
High Cedars fall, when lowe ſhrubs ſafe remaine. Exit

Enter at the ſame doore Mario and Lepido.

Mari. Fetch me a cup of wine.
Fur. Shees a ſaint ſure.
Marq. Oh Furio now ile boaſt that I haue found,
An Angell vpon earth: ſhe ſhalbe crownd
The empreſſe of all women. Lepido?
Mario? what was ſhe that paſſed by you?
Both. Your vertuous wife.
Marq. Call her not vertuous,
For I abhorre her, did not her ſwolne eyes
Looke red with hate or ſcorne? did ſhe not curſe
My name or Furioes name?
Mari. No my deare Lord.
Marq. For he and I raild at her, ſpit at her,
Ile burſt her heart with ſorrow', for I grieue
To ſee you grieue that I haue wrong'd my ſtate,
By louing one whoſe baſenes now I hate.
Enter Griſill with wine.
Come faſter if you can forbeare Mario,
Tis but her office: what ſhe does to mee,
She ſhall performe to any of you three, Ile drinke
Lep. I

Lep. I am glad to see her pride thus trampled downe
Marq. Now serue Mario, then serue Lepido:
And as you bowe to me, so bend to them.
Gris. Ile not denie't to win a diademe.
Mari. Your wisdome I commend that haue ỹ power
To raise or throw downe as you smile or lower.
Gris. Your patience I commend that can abide,
To heare a flatterer speake yet neuer chide.
Marq. Hence, hence dare you controule thē whome I (grace
Come not within my sight.
Gris. I will obey,
And if you please, nere more beholde the day. Exit,
Marq. Furio?
Fur. My Lorde,
Marq. Watch her where she goes,
And marke how in her lookes this tryeall shewes.
Fur. I will. Exit.
Marq. Mario, Lepido, I loath this Grisill,
As sicke men loath the bitterest potion
Which the Phisitions hand holdes out to them,
For Gods sake frowne vpon her when she smiles,
For Gods sake smile for ioy to see her frowne,
For Gods sake scorne her, call her beggers brat,
Torment her with your lookes, your words your dēdes,
My heart shall leape for ioy, that her heart bleedes,
Wilt thou doe this Mario?
Mari. If you say.
Mario, doe this I must in it obey.
Marq. I know you must, so Lepido must you
Tis well; but counsell me whats best to doe,
How shall I please my subiects? doe but speake,
Ile doe it though Grisils heart in sunder breake.
Lepi. Your subiects doe repine at nothing more,
Then to beholde Ianicola her Father,
And her base brother lifted vp so high.
Mari. To banish them from Court were pollicie.

Marq. Oh

Marq. Oh rare, oh profound wiſedome, deare Mario,
It forthwith ſhall be done, they ſhall not ſtay,
Though I may win by them a Kingdomes ſway, Exit
Lep. Mario laugh at this.
Ma. Why ſo I doe.
Hedlong I had rather fall to miſerie.
Then ſee a begger raiſ'd to dignitie. Exeunt.

Enter Babulo ſinging with a boy after him.

Bab. Boy how ſits my rapier: la ſol la ſol. &c.
Boy. It hangs as euen as a chandlers beame.
Bab. Some of them deſerue to hang vpon a beame for that euennes, boy learne to giue euery man his due, giue the hangman his due, for hee's a neceſſary member.
Boy. Thats true, for he cuts of manie wicked mẽbers.
Bab. Hees an excellent barber, he ſhaues moſt cleanly But page how doſt thou like the Court?
Boy. Prettilie and ſo,
Bab. Faith ſo doe I prettie and ſo: I am wearie of being a Courtiour Boy.
Boy. That you cannot bee Maſter, for you are but a Courtiers man.
Bab. Thou ſaiſt true: thou art the Courtiers mans boy, ſo thou art a courtier in decimo ſexto in the leaſt volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by reuerſion, or a courtier three deſcents remoued, or a courtier in minoritie or an vnder Courtier or a courtier in poſſe, and I thie Maſter in eſſe:
Boy. A poſſe an eſſe non eſte argumentum Maſter,
Bab. Thou haſt to much wit to be ſo little, but imitation, imitation, is his good Lord and Maſter.

Enter Ianicola Laureo and Furio.

Iani. Vaniſht

Ian. Banisht from Court, oh what haue wee misdone?

Lau. What haue wee done, wee must bee thus disgraced?

Fu. I know not, but you are best packe, tis my Lords will, and thats law, I must vncase you: your best course is to fall to your owne trades.

Ba. Sirra, what art thou a Broker?

Fu. No, how then, I am a Gentleman.

Ba, Th'art a Iewe, th'art a Pagan: howe darst thou leaue them without a cloke for the raine, whē his daughter, and his sister, and my Mistris is the Kings wife?

Fu. Goe looke, sirra foole, my condition is to ship you too.

Bab. There's a ship of fooles ready to hoyst sayle, they stay but for a good winde and your company: ha ha ha, I wonder (if all fooles were banisht) where thou wouldst take shipping.

Ian. Peace Babulo, we are banisht from the Court.

Bab. I am glad, it shall ease me of a charge here, as long as we haue good cloathes on our backes, tis no matter for our honesty, wee'll liue any where, and keep Court in any corner.

Enter Griffill.

Ian. Oh my deere Griffill.

Gri. You from me are banisht,
But ere you leaue the Court, oh leaue I pray
Your griefe in Griffils bosome, let my cheekes
Be watred with woes teares, for here and here,
And in the error of these wandring eyes,
Began your discontent: had not I been,
By nature painted thus: this had not been.
To leaue the Court and care be patient,
In your olde cottage you shall finde content.
Mourne not because these silkes are tane away,

You'll seeme more rich in a course gowne of gray,

Fur. Will you be packing: when?

Lan. Friend whats thy name?

Fur. Furio my name is, what of that?

Bab. Is thy name Furie? thou art halfe hang'd, for thou hast an ill name.

Lau. Thy lokes are like thy name, thy name & lokes Approoue thy nature to be violent.

Gris. Brother forbeare, hee's seruant to my Lord.

Ba. To him, M. spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are neuer pleas'd with subiects sinnes, But pitie those whom they are sworne to smite, And grieue as tender mothers when they beate, With kinde correction their vnquiet babes- So should their Officers compassionate, The misery of any wretches state.

Fur. I must obey my Master, though indeed My heart (that seemes hard) at their wrongs doth bleed. Pray get you gone, I say little, but you knowe my minde.

Bab. Little said is soone amended, thou say'st but little, and that little will be mended soone indeed, thats neuer, and so the Prouerbe stands in his full strength, power and vertue.

Enter Marquesse, Mario and Lepido, and attendantes.

Fur. They will not goe my Lord.

Marq. Will they not goe? Away with them, expell them from our Court, Base wretches, is it wrong to aske mine owne? Thinke you that my affection to my wife, Is greater then my loue to publicke weale? Doe not my people murmure euerie houre, That I haue rais'd you vp to dignities?

Doe

Doe not lewde Minstrels in their tribalde rimes,
Scofe at her birth, and descant on her dowre?

Jan. Alas my Lord, you knew her state before.

Marq. I did, and from the bounty of my heart,
I rob'd my wardrop of all precious robes,
That she might shine in beautie like the Sunne,
And in exchange, I hung this russet gowne,
And this poore pitcher for a monument,
Amongst my costliest Jemmes: for heere they hang,
Grisill looke heere, this gowne is vnlike to this?

Gris. My gratious Lord, I know full well it is.

Ba. Grisill was as pretty a Grisill in the one as in the other.

Marq. you haue forgot these rags, this water pot.

Gris. With reuerence of your Highnes I haue not.

Ba. Nor I, many a good messe of water grewell has that yeelded vs.

Marq. Yes, you are proude of these your rich attyres.

Gris. Neuer did pride keep pace with my desires.

Marq. Wel, get you on, part briefly with your father.

Jan. Our parting shall be short, daughter farewell.

Lau. Our parting shall be short, sister farewell.

Ba. Our parting shall be short, Grisill farewell.

Jan. Remember thou didst liue when thou wert poor,
And now thou dost but liue, come sonne no more.

Marq. See them without the Pallace Furio.

Fu. Good, yet tis bad. Exeunt with Furio.

Ba. Shall Furio see them out of the Pallace? doe you turne vs out of doores? you turne vs out of doores then?

Marq. Hence with that foole, Mario driue him hence.

Ba. He shall not needs, I am no Ore nor Asse, I can goe without driuing, for al his turning, I am glad of one thing.

Lep. Whats that Babulo?

Bab. Mary that ſhee ſhall neuer hit vs ith teeth with turning vs, for tis not a good turne, ſollower I muſt caſhe you: I muſt giue ouer houſkeeping, tis the faſhion, farewell boy.

Boy. Marie farewell and be hang'd.

Ba. I am glad thou tak'ſt thy death ſo patiently, farewell my Lord, adue my Lady, great was the wiſedome of that Taylor, that ſtitcht me in Worley, for he's a fole that leaues basket making to turne Courtier: I ſee my deſtiny dogs me: at firſt I was a foole (for I was borne an Innocent) then I was a trauceller, and then a Basket-maker, and then a Courtier, and now I muſt turne basket-maker and foole againe, the one I am ſworne to, but the foole I beſtowe vpon the world, for Stultorum plena ſunt omnia adue, adue. Exit.

Mar. Farewell ſimplicity, part of my ſhame farewell, Now Lady what ſay you of their exile?

Gri. What euer you thinke good. Ile not terme vile, By this rich burthen in my worthles wombe, Your hand-maide is ſo ſubiect to your will, That nothing which you doe, to her ſeemes ill.

Mar. I am glad you are ſo patient, get you in, Exit Gr. Thy like will neuer be, neuer hath bin.
Mario, Lepido?

Mario Lepi. My gratious Lord.

Mar. The hand of pouerty held downe your ſtates, As it did Griſſils, and as her I ray'ſ'd, To ſhine in greatnes ſphere, ſo did mine eye, Through gilt beames of your births, therfore me thinkes Your ſoule ſhould ſimpathize, and you ſhould know, What paſſions in my Griſſils boſome flowe, Faith tell me your opinions of my wife?

Lep. She is as vertuous and as patient, As innocence, as patience it ſelfe.

Mari. She merits much of loue, little of hate, Onely in birth ſhe is vnfortunate.

Mar. I-

Marq. I, the memory of that mirth doth kill me,
She is with childe you see, her trauaile past,
I am determined she shall leaue the Court,
And liue againe with olde Janicola.
Both. Wherein you shew true wisedome.
Marq. Doe I indeed?
Peace friends it shall be done, Ile haue you two
Rumour that presently, to the wide eares
Of that newes-louing-hall the multitude,
Goe tell them for their sakes this shall be done.
Mar. With wings we flye.
Lep. Swifter then time we run. Exeunt.
Marq. Begone then: oh these times, these impious times,
How swift is mischiefe? with what nimble feete
Doth envy gallop to doe iniury?
They both confesse my Grisils innocence,
They both admire her wondrous patience,
Yet in their malice and to flatter me,
Head-long they run to this impiety.
Oh whats this world, but a confused throng
Of fooles and mad men, crowding in a throng
To shoulder out the wise, trip downe the iust.
But I will try by selfe experience,
And shun the vulgar sentence of the base,
If I finde Grisill strong in patience,
These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace,
And whilst verse liues, the fame shall neuer dye,
Of Grisils patience, and her constancy. Exit.

Enter Vrcenze and Onophrio at seuerall doores, and Farnezie in the mid'st.

Far. Onophrio and Vrcenze early met, euery man take his stand, for there comes a most rich purchase of mirth: Emulo with his hand in a faire scarfe, and Iulia

with him, ſhe laughes apace, and therefore I am ſure hee lyes apace.

Enter Emulo with Iulia.

Ono. His arme in a ſcarfe? has he been fighting?

Far. Fighting? hang him coward.

Vrc. Perhaps he does it to ſhew his ſcarfe.

Far. Peace, heere the aſſe comes, ſtand aſide, and ſee him curuet.

Iul. Did my new maried couſen Sir Owen wound you thus?

Emu. Hee certes, as he is allyed to the illuſtrious Iulia, I liue his deuoted, as Signior Emulos enemy, no adulatory language can redeeme him from vengeance: if you pleaſe my moſt accompliſht Miſtris, I will make a moſt palpably demonſtration of our battaile.

Iul. As palpably as you can good ſeruant.

Ono. Oh ſhe gulles him ſimply.

Far. She has reaſon, is he not a ſimple gull?

Vrc. Sound an allarum ere his battle begin.

Farn. Peace, ſa, ſa, ſa.

Emu. Sir Owen and my ſelfe encountring, I bailde my vpper garment, and enriching my head againe with a fine veluet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it of Orient Pearle and Golde, and a ſooliſh ſprig of ſome nine or ten pound price, or ſo, wee grewe to an emparlance.

Far. Oh ho ho, this is rare.

Iul. You did wiſely to conferre before you combated.

Emu. Verily we did ſo, but falling into the handes of bitter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.

Ono. True, his gloues to ſaue his hands.

Vrc. No, his hand-kercher to wipe his face.

Far. He ſweat pittifully for feare, if it were true: if,

Emu. I

Emu. I was then encountred with a pure Toledo ſil-uered: and eleuating mine arme, in the drawing (by Je-ſu ſweete Madame, my rich cloake loaded with Pearle, which I wore at your ſiſter Griſills bridall, I made it then (by God) of meere purpoſe, to grace the Court, and ſo forth) that fooliſh garment dropped downe: the buttons were illuſtrious and reſplendant diamonds, but its all one.

Far. Nay, they were all ſcarce one.

Emu Diuine Lady as I ſaid, we both lying,

Fa. I'le be ſworne thou doſt.

Emu. I muſt recognize and confeſſe, very generouſlie, and heroycallie at our ward, the welſh Knight mak-ing a very deſperate thruſt at my boſome, before God fairely miſt my imbroydered Jerkin that I then wore, and with my ponyard vapulating and checking his engine downe, it cut mee a payre of very imperiall cloth of golde hoſe, at leaſt thus long thwart the can-non, at leaſt.

Iul. And miſt your leg?

Fa. I, and his hoſe too.

Emu. And miſt my leg (moſt bright ſtarre) which a-uantagious ſigne I( )this legge (hauing a fayre carnation ſilke ſtocking on) ſtumbled, my ſpangled gar-ters in that impreſſion fell about my feete, and he fetching a moſt valarous and ingenious carreere, inuaded my Ra-pier hand, entred this gilded fort, and in that paſſado vul-nerated my hand thus deepe I proteſt, and conteſt hea-uen.

Iul. No more, its too tragicall.

Emu. I conclude, I thought (by the Syntheresis of my ſoule) I had not been imperiſhed, till the bloud ſhewing his red tincture, at the top of a faire enueloped gloue, ſunke along my arme. I ſpoil'd a rich waſtecoate wrought in ſilke and golde, a top &c.

Far. Hee'll

Far. Hee'll ſtrip himſelfe out of his ſhirt anone, for Gods ſake ſtep in.

Emu. My opinion is I ſhall neuer recuperate the legittimate office of this member my arme.

All 3. Signior Emulo,

Emu Sweet and accompliſht Signiors.

Far. Ha ha, Madame you had a pitiful hand with this foole, but ſee he is recouered.

Iu. But ſeruant where is your other hand?

Ono. See ſweet miſtris one is my priſoner.

Vrc. The other I haue tane vp with the fine finger.

Iul. Looke in his ſcarfe Farneze for an other, hee has a third hand, and tis pitifully wounded hee tels me, pitifully, pitifully.

Far. Wounded, oh palpable, come a demonſtration of it.

Ono. Giue him your larded cloake Signior to ſtop his mouth, for he will vndoe you with lyes.

Vrc. Come Signior, one fine lye now to apparrell all theſe former, in ſome light ſarcenet robe of truth: none, none, in this mint?

Iul. Fye ſeruant, is your accompliſht Courtſhip nothing but lyes?

Ono. Fye Signior, no muſicke in your mouth, but battles, yet a meere milke-ſop.

Vrc. Fye Emulo, nothing but wardrop, yet heare all your trunckes of ſuites?

Far. Fye Signior, a ſcarfe about your necke, yet will not hang your ſelfe to heare all this?

Iul. Seruant I diſcharge you my ſeruice, Ile entertaine no braggarts.

Ono. Signior, we diſcharge you the Court, wee'l haue no gulles in our company.

Far. Abram we caſheere you our company, wee muſt haue no minnions at Court.

Emu. Oh patience bee thou my fortification: Italy thou

thou spurnest me for vttering that nutriment, which I suckt from thée.

Fa. How Italy? away you ideot: Italy infects you not, but your owne diseased spirits: Italy? out you froth, you scumme, because your soule is mud, and that you haue breathed in Italy, you'll say Italy haue defyled you: away you boze, thou wilt wallow in mire in the sweetest countrie in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceipt this rawnes: Italy farewell,
Italians adue.
A vertuous soule abhorres to dwell with you. Exit.
All. Ha ha ha: Laugh.

Enter Marquesse and Sir Owen.

Iu. Peace seruants, here comes the Duke my brother.
Marq. Loe cousen here they be: are yee heere Gentlemen?
And Iulia you too? then Ile call your eyes,
To testifie, that to Sir Meredith,
I doe deliuer heere foure sealed bondes:
Coze haue a care to them, it much behooues you,
For Gentlemen, within this parchment lyes,
Fiue thousand Duckets payable to him,
Iust foureteene daies before nert Penticoast,
Coze it concernes you, therefore keep them safe.
Owen. Fugh, her warrant her shall log them vb from Sunne and Moone, and seauen starres too I hobe, but harg you cozen Marquesse.
Marq Now, whats the matter?
Ow. A pore on it tis scalde matter, well, well pray cozen Marquesse, vse her Latie Grisill a god teale better, for as God bdge me, you hurd Sir Owen out a cry by maging her sad and powd so, see you?
Marq. Hurt you? what harme or good reape you thereby?

Owen. Yarme, yes by Gods lid, a poggie teale of yarme, for loog you cozen, and cozen Iulia, & Shentlemen awl, (for awl is to know her wifes eaſe) you know her tag to wife the widdow Gwenthyan.

Marq. True cozen & ſhée's a vertuous gentlewoman.

On. One of the patienteſt Ladies in the woꝛld.

Vrc. Shée's wondꝛous beautifull & wondꝛous kinde.

Far. Shée's the quieteſt woman that ere I knew, foꝛ good heart, ſhe'll put vp any thing.

Iul. Cozen I am pꝛoude that you are ſped ſo well.

Ow. Are you? by God ſo are not I, ile tel you what cozen Marqueſſe, you awl know her wel, you know her face is liddle faire & ſmug, but her has a tung goes Iingle iangle, Iingle iangle, petter and woꝛſe then pelles when her houſe is a fire: patient? ha ha ſir Owen ſhall tag her héeles and run to Wales, and her play the tiuell ſo out a cry terꝛible a pogs on her la.

Iul. Why cozen what are her quallities that you ſo commend her?

Ow. Commend her? no by God not I, ha ha: is know her quallities petter & petter, foꝛe I commend her: but Gwenthian is woꝛſe and woꝛſe out a cry, owe out a cry woꝛſe, out of awl cry, ſhée's fea:'d to be made fol as Griſſill is, & as God vdge me, her mag fine pobbie ſole of Sir Owen, her ſhide & ſhide, & pꝛawle & ſcoulde, by God and ſcradge terrible ſomtime, owe & haid her wil doe what her can, ha ha ha, and ſir Owen were handſome pacheler agen, pꝛay cozen Marqueſſe tag ſome oꝛder in Griſſill, oꝛ tedge ſir Owen to mag Gwenthians quiet and tame her.

Marq. To tame her? that Ile teach you pꝛeſently,
You had no ſooner ſpake the woꝛd of Taming,
But mine eye met a ſpeedy remedie,
Sée cozen heere's a plot where Oſiers growe,
The ground belongs to olde Ianicula
(My Griſſils father) come Sir Meredith,
Take out your knife cut thꝛee and ſo will I,

So,

So, keep yours cozen let them be safe laide by,
These three (thus wound together) Ile preserue.

Ow. What shal her doe now with these? peate and knog her Gwenchian. Enter Mario.

Marq. You shal not take such counsaile from my lips,
How now Mario? what newes brings thee hither in such quicke haste?

Mari. Your wife (my gratious Lord)
Is now deliuered of two beautious twins,
A sonne and daughter.

Marq. Take that for thy paines,
Not for the ioy that I conceiue thereby,
For Grisill is not gratious in the eye
Of those that loue me, therefore I must hate
Those that doe make my life vnfortunate.
And thats my children: must I not Mario?
Thou bowest thy knee, well, well I know thy minde,
Vertue in villaines can no succour finde,
A sonne and daughter? I by them will proone,
By Grisils patience better, and her loue:
Come Iulia, come Onophrio, cozen farewell,
Reserue those wandes, these three Ile beare away,
When I require them backe, then will I shew
How easily a man may tame a shrew. Exeunt.

Ow. Ha ha ha, tame a shrew, owe tis out a cry terrible hard, and more worse then tame a mad pull, but what meane her cozen to mag her cut her wands? ha ha, God boge me tis fine knag, I see her knauery now, tis to pang Gwenthyans podie and she mag a noise & prabble: Is not so? by Gods lid so, & Gwenthian, sir Owen will knog you before her abide such horrible doe.

Enter Gwenthian and Rice.

Gods lid here her comes. Terdawgh Gwenthian Terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen Terdawgh whee.

owen. Owe, looge heere, fine wandes Gwenthyan, is not?

Gwe. Rees tag them and preag them in peeces.

Ric. What say you forsoothe?

Gwe. What say you forsoothe you saucie knaue, must her tell her once, and twice, and thrice, and foure times, what to doe? preag these wands.

Ow. Rees is better preake Rees his pate: heere Rees carry her home.

Ri. Would I were at gallowes, so I were not heere:

Gwen. Doe and her care, doe and her care, see you now, what shall her doe with wands? peate Gwenthyan? povie and mag Gwenthyan put her finger in me hole: ya, by God by God, is scradge her eies out that trudge her, that tawg to her, that loog on her, marg you that Sir Owen?

owen. Yes, her marg her, Rees pray marg her Ladie?

Ri. Not I sir, shee'll set her marks on me then.

Gwen. Is praue? is praue? goe to Rees, Ile Rees her, you tawg you.

Owen. Pray Gwenthien bee patient, as her cozen Grissill is.

Gwe. Grissill owe? owe? Grissill? no no, no, no. her shall not mag Gwenthian such ninny pobbie foole as Grissill, I say preage her wandes.

owen. Cods plude is pought her to peate dust out of her cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peate her cloag and parrels? fie, fie, fie, tis lye Sir Owen tis lye.

Ri. Your worship may stab her, she giues you the lye.

Ow. Peace Rees, goe to, I pought them indeede to mag her horse run and goe a mightie teale of pace, pray let Rees tag her in good Gwenthian?

Gwen. Rees beare in her wandes because Sir Owen bey so gently.

owen. Goe Rees, goe locke them vp in a por or sheff, goe.

Ri. You shal not need to bid me goe, for Ile run. Exit.

Owen. I

Owen. I pought them for her horse indeede, for heere was her cozen Marqueſſe and prought her pondes and ſcriblings heere for her money: Gwenthyan pray keepe her pondes and keep her wiſely: Sirra Gwenthyan is tell her praue newes, Griſſill is prought to bed of liddle gentleman and gentlewoman: (is glad out a cry ſprag her faire) yes truely Griſſill is prought a bed.

Gwen. Griſſils no podie but Griſſils? what care I for Griſſill: I ſay if Sir Owen loue Gwenthyan, ſhal not loue Griſſill nor Marqueſſe ſo, ſee you now?

Ow. God vdge me, not loue her cozen? is ſhealous? owe is fine trig, not loue her cozen? God vdge me her wil, and hang her ſelfe, ſee you now?

Gwe. Hang her ſelfe, owe, owe, owe, Gwenthyans tother husband is ſcawrne to ſay hang her ſelfe: hang her ſelfe? owe owe, owe owe.

Ow. Gods plude, what cannot get by praiules, is get by owe, owe owe, is terrible Ladie, pray be peace, and cry no more owe, owe, owe, Tawſone Gwenthyans, God vdge me is very furie.

Gwen. O mon Iago, mon due, hang Gwenthyans?

Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthyan bethogh, en Thonigh, en moyen due.

Gw. Ne vetho en Thonigh, Gna wathe gethla Tee, hang Gwenthyans?

Owen. Sir Owen ſhall ſay no more hang her ſelfe, be out a cry ſtill and her ſhall pye her new card to ride in, & two new fine horſes, and more plew coates and padges ta follow her heeles, ſee you now?

Gwen. But will her ſay no more hang her ſelfe?

Enter Rice.

Ow. Oh no more, as God vdge mee no more, pray leaue, owe, owe, owe.

Ri. Tannekin the Foe hath brought your Rebato, it comes to three pound.

Ow. What a peſtilence is this for Gwenthyan?

Gwe. For her neg, is cald repatoes, Gwenthian weare it heere, ilt not praue?

owen. Praue? yes is praue, tis repatoes I warrant her: I patoes money out a crie, yes tis praue, Rees the preece? Rees the preece?

Ri. The Froe ſir ſaies fiue pound.

owen. Ha ha ha, pound, Gwenthyan pray doe not pye it. Gwen. By God dge me her ſhall pye it.

owen. God dge me her ſhall not.

Gwen. Shall not? Rees tag her away, I ſay her ſhall and weare it pye and pye.

owen. Then mag a pobbie foole of Sir Owen indeed: Gods plude ſhall? I ſay ſhal not: fiue pound for puble, for patoes: here there, ſo tag it now, weare it now powte her neg, ſhall pride ſir Owen ha?

Ri. Oh rare ſir Owen, oh pretious Knincht, oh rare Sir Owen.

Gwe. Out you raſkals, you prade and prade, ile prade your neaces.

Ri. Oh rare Madame, oh pretious Madame, O God, O God, O God, O. Exit.

Gwe. Is dominere now, you teare her ruffes and repatoes, you preake her ponds? Ile teare as good pondes, and petter too, and petter too.

Ow. Dwe Gwenthyan, Cods plude is fiue thouſand duckets, hold hold hold, a pogs on her pride, what has her done?

Gw. Goe loog, is now paide for her repatoes, ile haue her willes & deſires, ile teadge her pridle her Lady: Catho crogge, Ne vetho, en rhionigh. gna wathee Gnathla tee. Exit

owen. A breath vawer or no Tee: pridle her, ſir owen is pridled I warrant: widdows (were petter Gods plude marry whooze) were petter be hang'd and quarter, then marry widowes as God dge me: Sir owen fall on her knees, & pray God to tag her to her mercy, or elſe put petter minde in her Lady: awl paittily Shentlemans tag heede

heede how her marry fiuen widowe.
Sir owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,
A threwes sharpe tongue is terrible as hell. Exit.

Enter Marquesse and Furio with an infant in his armes.

Marq. Did she not see thee when thou took'st it vp?
Fur. No, she was fast a sleepe.
Marq. Giue me this blessed burthen, pretty foole
With what an amiable looke it sleepes,
And in that slumber how it sweetly smiles,
And in that smile how my heart leapes for ioy:
Furio Ile turne this circle to a cradle,
To rocke my deare babe: A great Romaine Lord,
Taught his young Sonne to ride a Hoddy-horse.
Then why should I thinke scorne to dandle mine:
Furio beholde it well, to whom ist like?
Fur. You, there's your nose and blacke eye-browes.

Enter Mario.

Marq. Thou dost but flatter me, heere comes Mario,
I know Mario will not flatter me,
Mario, thy opinion, view this childe,
Doth not his lips, his nose, his fore-head,
And euery other part resemble mine?
Mari. So like my Lord, that the nice difference,
Would stay the iudgement of the curiousst eye.
Marq. And yet me thinkes I am not halfe so browne.
Mari. Indeed your cheekes beare a more liuely colour
Marq. Furio, play thou the nurse, handle it softly.
Fur. One were better get a dossen then nurse one.
Marq. Mario step to Grisill shee's a sleepe,
Her white hand is the piller to those cares,
Which I vngently lodg'e within her head,
Steale thou the other childe and bring it hither,
If Grisill be awake and striue with thee,

Bring

Bring it perforce, nor let her know what hand,
Hath rob'd her of this other, haſte Mario.

Mari. I flie my gratious Lord. Exit.

Marq. Run flatterie, becauſe I did blaſpheme and cal it browne,
This Parraſite cride (like an Eccho) browne.

Fur. The childe is faire my Lord, you were nere ſo faire

Marq. I know tis faire, I know tis wondrous faire,
Deare prettie infant let me with a kiſſe,
Take that diſhonor off, which the foule breath
Of a prophane ſlaue, laide vpon thy cheekes;
Had but I ſaid my boy's a Blackamoore,
He would haue damn'd himſelfe and ſo haue ſwore.

Enter Griſill and Mario with a childe.

Gri. Giue me mine infant, where's my other babe?
You cannot plaie the nurſe, your horred eyes
Will fright my little ones, and make them crie,
Your tongue's too ruffe to chime a lullabie:
Tis not the pleaſure of my Lord I know,
To loade me with ſuch wrong.

Mari. No, I vnloade you. Scoffingly.

Marq. Giue her her childe Mario and yet ſtaie,
Furio holde thou them both, Griſill forbeare,
You are but nurſe to them, they are not thine.

Gri. I know my gratious Lord they are not mine,
I am but their poore nurſe I muſt confeſſe,
Alas let not a nurſe be pittileſſe.
To ſee the colde ayre make them looke thus bleake,
Makes me ſhed teares becauſe they cannot ſpeake.

Marq. If they could ſpeake, what thinke you they would ſay?

Gri. That I in all things will your will obay.

Marq. Obay it then in ſilence: ſhall not I

Beſtowe

Bestowe what is myne owne, as likes me best:
Deliuer me these brats: come presse me downe,
With weightie infamie: heere is a loade
Of shame, of speckled shame: O God how heauie
An armefull of dishonour is: heeres two,
Grisill for this ile thanke none els but you,
Which way so ere I turne I meete a face,
That makes my cheekes blush at mine owne disgrace.
This way or this way, neuer shall mine eye
Looke thus, or thus: but (oh me) presentlie,
(Take them for Gods sake Furio) presentlie
I shall spend childish teares: true teares indeed,
That thus I wrong my babes and make her bleede,
Goe Grisill get you in.

Gri. I goe my Lorde.

Farewell sweet sweet deare babes, so you were free,
Would all the worlds cares might be throwne on me.

Mar. Ha, ha, why this is pleasing harmonie. (them?

Fu. My Lord they'le wrawle, what shall I doe with

Marq. Tell her thou must prouide a nurse for them
Comes she not backe Mario?

Mari. No my Lord.

Marq. Tush, tush, it cannot be but sheele returne,
I know her bosome beares no marble heart,
I knowe, a tender Mother cannot part,
With such a patient soule, from such sweet soules,
She stands and watches sure, and sure she weepes,
To see my seeming flintie breast, Mario —
Withdraw with me: Furio stay thou heere still,
If she returne, seeme childish, and denie
To let her kisse or touch them. Exeunt

Fur. Faith not I: I haue not such a heart, and shee aske to touch them, Ile deny it because ile obey my Lord, yet she shall kisse and touch them too, because Ile please my Ladie: alas, alas, prettie fooles I loue you well but I would you had a better Nurse.

Enter Griſſill ſtealingly.

Griſ. A better Nurſe: ſeek'ſt thou a better Nurſe?
A better Nurſe then whome?

Fu. Then you, away.

Griſ. I am their Mother I muſt not away,
Looke, looke, good Furio looke they ſmile on mée,
I know poore hearts they feare to ſmile on thee,
I prithée let me haue them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prie thee let me touch them.

Fu. No: Hands off.

Gri. I prie thee gentle Furio let me kiſſe them.

Fu. Not one kiſſe for a Kings crowne: (them?

Griſ. Muſt I not kiſſe my babes: muſt I not touch
Alas what ſin ſo vile hath Griſſil done
That thus ſhe ſhould be bar'de not kiſſe my infants?
Who taught thee to be cruell gentle churle,
What muſt thou doe with them?

Fu. Get them a nurſe. (dwell

Griſ. A Nurſe alacke, what Nurſe? where muſt ſhee

Fu. I muſt not tell you till I know my ſelfe,

Gri. For Gods ſake who muſt Nurſe them doe but name her,
And I will ſweare thoſe firie eyes doe ſmile,
And I will ſweare that which none els will ſweare,
That thy grim browes, doe mercies liuerie weare,

Fu. Chooſe you.

Enter Marqueſſe, ſtanding aſide.

Griſ. Oh God, oh God, might Griſſill haue her choice
My babes ſhould not be ſcard with thy diuils voice.
Thou get a Nurſe for them? they can abide,
To taſte no milke but mine, come, come Ile chide,
In faith you cruell man, Ile chide indéede,
If I growe angrie.

Fu. Do do I care not.

Marq. To chide & curſe thy Lord thou haſt more néed

Griſ. Wilt

Griſ. Wilt thou not tell me who ſhall be their Nurſe?

Fu. No.

Griſ. Wilt thou not let me kiſſe them?

Fu No I ſay.

Griſ. I prithee let my teares, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate hart, ſee hær's a fountaine,
Which heauen into this Alablaſter bowels,
Inſtil'd to nouriſh them: man theyle crie,
And blame thee that this connes ſo lauiſhly,
Heres milke for both my babes two breſts for two.

Marq. Poore babes I wæp to ſæ what wrong I doe.

Griſ. I pray thee let them ſuck, I am moſt mæte
To play their Nurſe: theyle ſmile and ſay tis ſwæt,
Which ſtreames frō hence, if thou doſt beare them hēce,
My angrie breaſts will ſwell, and as mine eyes
Lets fall ſalt drops, with theſe white Nectar teares,
They will be mixt: this ſweet will then be brine,
Theyle crie Ile chide and ſay the ſinne is thine.

Fu. Mine armes ake mightily.
And my heart akes.

Marq. And ſo doth mine: ſweet ſounds this diſcord makes.

Fu. Heere Madame take one, I am weary of both, touch it and kiſſe it to, its a ſweet childe, I would I were rid of my miſerie, for I ſhall drowne my heart, with my teares that fall inward.

Griſ. Oh this is gentlie done this is my boy,
My firſt borne care: thy feete that nere felt ground,
Haue traueld longeſt in this land of woe,
This worlds wildernes, and haſt moſt neede,
Of my moſt comfort: oh I thanke thee Furio,
I know I ſhould tranſforme thee with my teares,
And melt thy adamantine heart like ware,
What wrong ſhall theſe haue to be tane from mæ,
Wildely intreate their Nurſe to touch them mildely,
For my ſoule tels me, that my honoured Lord,

Does but to trie poore Griſſils conſtancie,
Hees full of mercie iuſtice, full of loue.
Marq. My cheekes doe glow with ſhame to heere her ſpeake,
Should I not weepe for ioy my heart would breake,
And yet a little more Ile ſtretch my tryall.
Enter Mario and Lepido.
Mario, Lepido?
Both My gracious Lord?
Marq. You ſhall be witneſſe of this open wrong,
I gaue ſtrait charge, ſhe ſhould not touch theſe brats,
Yet has ſhe tempted with laſciuious teares,
The heart of Furio, ſee ſhe dandles them,
Take that childe from her: ſtay, ſtay, ile commend,
That pittie in thee which Ile reprepend.
Fu. Doe.
Marq. Dare you thus contradict our ſtrait commaund
But heeres a truſtie groome, out hipocrite,
I ſhall doe Iuſtice wrong to let thee breath,
For diſobaying me.
Grif. My gracious Lord,
Marq. Tempt me not Syren, ſince you are ſo louing,
Hold you take both your children, get you gon,
Diſrobe her of theſe rich abiliments,
Take downe her hat, her pitcher and her gowne,
And as ſhe came to me in beggerie,
So driue her to her fathers.
Mari. My deare Lorde.
Marq. Her me not good Mario if you woe me,
(Or if you ſhed one teare) to pittie her,
Or if by any drift you ſuccour her,
You looſe my fauour euerlaſtingly,
Both. We muſt obey ſince there's no remedye,
Marq. You muſt be villaines theres no remedie,
Mario, Lepido, you two ſhall helpe,
To beare her children home.

Gri. It shall not neede I can beare more.
Marq. Thou bearest too much indeed. (content
Gri. Come, come sweet lambes wee'll laugh and liue
Though from the Court we liue in banishment,
These rich attyres are for your mother fit,
But not your nurse, therefore Ile off with it.
Marq Away with her I say.
Gris. Away, away:
Nothing but that colde comfort wee'll obay,
Heauen smile vpon my Lord with gratious eye,
Marq. Driue her hence Lepido.
Lep. Good Madame hence.
Gri. Thus tyranny oppresseth innocence,
Thy lookes seeme heauy, but thy heart is light,
For villaines laugh when wrong oppresseth right. Run
Must we then be driuen hence: Oh see my Lord, to him
Sweet prettie fooles they both smil'd at that word.
They smile as who should say indeede indeede,
Your tongue cryes hence, but your heart's not agree'd,
Can you thus part from them: in truth I know,
Your true loue cannot let these infants goe.
Marq. Shee'll tryumph ouer me doe what I can,
Turnes from her.
Mari. Good Madame hence.
Gri. Oh send one gratious smile
Before we leaue this place: turne not away,
Doe but looke backe, let vs but once more see
Those eyes, whose beames shall breath new soules in
It is enough now weele depart in ioy, (three.
Nay be not you so cruell, should you two
Be thus driuen hence, trust me Ide pitty you.
Marq. Distrobe her presently.
Both. It shall be done.
Grisil. To worke some good deede thus you would
not runne. Exeunt.
Marq. Oh Grisill in large Carracters of golde,

Thy vertuous ſacred fame ſhall be enrould,
Tell me thy iudgement Furio of my wife:

Fur. I thinke my Lord ſhee's a true woman, for ſhee loues her children, a rare wife, for ſhee loues you, (I beleeue you'll hardly finde her match) and I thinke ſhee's more then a woman, becauſe ſhee conqueres all wrongs by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I trye her, preſently
Ile haue thée goe to olde Ianicolaes,
And take her children from her, breed ſome doubt,
(By ſpeeches) in her, that her eyes ſhall neuer
Beholde them more: beare them to Pauia,
Commend vs to our brother, ſay from vs,
That we deſire him with all kinde reſpect,
To nurſe the infants, and withall conceale,
Their parentage from any mortall eare,
I charge thee on thy life reueale not this,
I charge thee on thy life, be like thy name,
(When thou comſt to her) rough and furious.

Fur. Well, I will: It's far from Saluce to Pauia, the children will cry, I haue no teates you know, t'were good you thought vpon it.

Marq. There's golde.

Fu. That's good

Marq. Prouide them nurſes.

Fu. That's better, I will and I can. Exit Furio.

Marq. Away, though I dare truſt thy ſecrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in ſome diſguiſe,
And try thy faith, and Griſſils conſtancy:
If thou abide vnblemiſht, then I ſweare,
I haue found two wonders that are ſildome rife,
A truſty ſeruant, and a patient wife. Exit.

Enter Ianicola and Laureo, with burdens of Oſiers.

Lau. Father how fare you?

Ian. Very well my ſonne,

This

This labour is a comfort to my age,
The Marqueſſe hath to me been mercifull,
In ſending me from Courtly delicates,
To taſte the quiet of this country life.
Lau. Call him not mercifull, his tyranny
Exceedes the moſt inhumaine.
Ian. Peace my ſonne,
I thought by learning thou hadſt been made wiſe,
But I perceiue it puffeth vp thy ſoule,
Thou takſt a pleaſure to be counted ruſt,
And kicke againſt the faults of mighty men:
Oh tis in vaine, the earth may euen as well
Challenge the potter to be partiall,
For forming it to ſundry offices:
Alas the errour of ambitious fooles,
How fraile are all their thoughts, how faint, how weake
Thoſe that doe ſtriue to iuſtle with the great,
Are certaine to be bruſ'd, or ſoone to breake.
Come, come mell with our Oſiers, heere let's reſt,
This is olde homely home, & that's ſtill beſt.

Enter Babulo with a bundle of Oſiers in one arme and a childe in another, Griſſill after him with another childe.

Bab. Huſh, huſh, huſh, huſh, and I daunce mine own childe, and I dance mine owne childe, &c: ha ha, whoop olde Maſter, ſo ho ho, looke heere, and I dance mine own childe, &c: heere's ſirteene pence a weeke, and ſirteene pence a weeke, eight groates, ſope and candle, I met her in Oſier groue, crying huſh, huſh, huſh, huſh: I thought it had been ſome begger woman, becauſe of her pitcher, for you know they beare ſuch houſhold ſtuffe, to put drinke and porrage together, and I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh father now forſweare all patience,
Griſſill comes home to you in poore array,
Griſſill is made a drudge, a caſt-away.
Ian. Griſſill is welcome home to pouerty,

Hold

How now my childe are theſe thy pretty babes?

Ba. And I dance myne owne childe: art thou there? art thou there?

Ian. Why art thou thus come home, who ſent thee hyther?

Gri. It is the pleaſure of my princely Lord,
Who taking ſome offence, to me vnknowne,
Hath baniſht me from care to quietnes.

Ba. A fig for care, olde Maſter, but now olde graundſire, take this little Pope Innocent, wee'll glue ouer baſket making and turne nurſes, ſhee has vnckled Laureo: Its no matter, you ſhall goe make a fire, Grandſire you ſhall dandle them, Griſſill ſhall goe make Pap, and Ile licke the ſkillet, but firſt Ile fetch a cradle, its a ſigne tis not a deare yeare, when they come by two at once, heer's a couple quoth Jacke dalue, art thou there? ſing Grandſire. Exit.

Ian. What ſaid the Marqueſſe when he baniſht thee?

Gri. He gaue me gentle language, kiſt my cheeke,
For Gods ſake therfore ſpeake not ill of him,
Teares trickling from his eyes, and ſorrowes hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adue,
Whilſt many a deep fetcht ſigh from his breſt flew.
Therefore for Gods ſake ſpeake not ill of him.
Good Lord how many a kiſſe he gaue my babes,
And with wet eyes bad me be patient,
And by my truth (if I haue any truth)
I came from Court more quiet and content,
By many a thouſand part then when I went:
Therefore for Gods loue ſpeake not ill of him.

Lau. O vile deiection of too baſe a ſoule,
Haſt thou beheld the Paradice of Court,
Fed of rich ſeuerall meates, bath'd in ſweet ſtreames,
Slept on the bed of pleaſure, ſate inthroned,
Whilſt troopes of Saint-like haue adored thee:
And being now throwne downe by violence,

Doſt

Dost thou not enuy those that driue thee thence?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from enuying my Lord
In thought, much lesse eyther in deed or word.

Lau. Then hast thou no true soule, for I would curse
From the Sunnes arising to his westerne fall,
The Marquesse and his flattering minions.

Gri. By day and night, kinde heauen protect them all,
What wrong haue they done me? what hate to you?
Haue I not fed vpon the Princes cost?
Been cloath'd in rich attyres, liu'd on his charge?
Looke heere my russet gowne is yet vnworne,
And many a winter more may serue my turne,
By the preseruing it so many monthes:
My Pitcher is vnhurt, see it is fill'd
With christall water of the crisped spring.
If you remember on my wedding day,
You sent me with this pitcher to the well,
And I came empty home, because I met
The gratious Marquesse and his company.
Now hath he sent you this cup full of teares,
You'll say the comfort's colde, well be it so,
Yet euery little comfort helpes in woe.

Ian. True modle of true vertue, welcome childe,
Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome.
We'll worke to finde them foode, come kisse them soone,
And let's forget these wrongs as neuer done.

Enter Babulo with a cradle.

Ba. Come, where be these infidels? heere's the cradle of security, and my pillow of idlenes for them, and their Grandsires cloake (not of hypocrisie) but honestly to couer them.

Ian. Lay them both softly downe, Grisill sit downe,
Laureo fetch you my lute, rocke thou the cradle.
Couer the poore fooles arme, ile charme their eyes,
To take a sleepe by sweet tunde lullabyes.

The Song.

GOlden ſlumbers kiſſe your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you riſe:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will ſing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heauy therefore ſleepe you,
You are care and care muſt keep you:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will ſing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Enter Furio and Marqueſſe aloofe diſguiſed with baskets.

Fur. Leaue ſinging.

Ba. We may chooſe, Grandſire ſol fa once more, we'll alla mire him, and he we waile in woe, and who can hinder vs?

Fur. Sirra Scholler read there, it's a commiſſion for mee to take away theſe children.

Ba. May then y'are welcome, there's foure groates, and heere's foure more.

Gri. To take away my children gentle Furio,
Why muſt my babes beare this vngentle doome?

Fur. Goe looke.

Lau. O miſery, O moſt accurſed time,
When to be foes to guilt is helde a crime,
Sitter this fiend muſt beare your infants hence.

Ia. Good Griſſil beare al wrongs w patience, Weepes

Gri. Good father let true patience cure all woe,
You bid me be content, oh be you ſo.

Lau. Father why doe you weepe?

Ian. What can I doe,
Though her he puniſh, he might pitty you.

Lau. Let's fret and curſe the Marqueſſe cruelly,

Ba. I

Ba. I by my troth that's a good way, we may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Must I then be diuorc'd: and loose this treasure,
I must and am content, since tis his pleasure,
I prie thee tell me whither they must goe?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commaunded to conceale the place?

Fur. I.

Gri. Then will not I inquire, thou dost but iest
I know thou must not rob me, tis to try
If I loue them: no, no, heere I read, (bleede,
That which strikes blinde mine eyes, makes my heart
Farewell, farewell, deare soules, adue adue,
Your father sendes and I must part from you,
I must oh God I must, must is for Kings,
And loe obedience, for loe vnderlings.

Lau. Ye shall not hale them thus, keep them perforce,
This slaue lookes on them with a murdring eye.

Ba. No, he shal not haue them, knocke out his braines,
and saue the little hop a my thombes.

Fa. Doe if you dare.

Marq. How now my hearts, what's the matter?

Fu. What car'st thou.

Lau. This is poore Grisil, wife vnto our Duke,
And these her children, thus he sendes her home,
And thus he sends a serpent to deuour,
Their pretious liues he brings commission,
To hale them hence, but whyther none can tell.

Gris. Forbeare, forbeare.

Marq. Take them from him perforce,
Are these his children?

Ba. So the saies.

Marq. Two sweet Duckes, and is this his wife?

Ba. Yes, he has lyne with her.

Mar. A pretty soule, sirra thou wilt be hang'd for this.

Fu. Hang thy selfe.

Mar. Beate him, but firſt take theſe two from his
I am a baſket maker, and I ſweare (armes,
Ile dye before he beare away the babes.

Ba. Oh rare, cry prentiſes and clubs, the corporation cannot be( )ſirra ſet downe thy baſkets and to't pell mell.

Fu. Would I were rid of my office?

Gri. What will you doe, driue this raſhe fellowe hence?

Marq. The Marqueſſe is a tyrant and does wrong.

Gri. I would not for the world that hee ſhould heare thee.

Mar. I would not for ten worlds but heare my Griſſil.

Gri. A tyrant, no he's mercy euen her ſelfe,
Juſtice in triumph rides in his two eyes,
Take heede how thou prophaneſt high deityes:
Goe Furio, get thee gone: good father helpe me
To guard my deare Lords ſeruant from this place,
I know hee'll doe my pretty babes no harme,
For ſee Furio lookes gently: oh get thee gone,
Pitty ſits on thy cheekes, but God can tell,
My heart ſaies my tongue lyes, farewell farewell.

Marq. Stay ſirra take thy purſe.

Fur. I let none fall.

Ba. Halfe part.

Ia. A purſe of golde Furio is falne from thee.

Fu. Its none of mine, ſirra baſket-maker, if my armes were not full, thou ſhould haue thy handes full: farewel Griſſill, if thou neuer ſee thy children more, curſe mee, if thou doſt ſee them againe, thanke God, adue. Exit.

Ba. Farewell and be hang'd.

Gri. I will thanke God for all, why ſhould I grieue,
To looſe my children? no no, I ought rather
Reioyce, becauſe they are borne to their Father.

Ia. Daughter, heere's nothing in this purſe but golde.

Ba. So much the better, Maſter we'll quickely turne

it

it into ſiluer.

Ia. This purſe that fellow did let fall, run run,
Carry it him againe, run Babulo,
Away with it, tis laide to doe vs wrong.

Lau. Try all their golden baites, ſtay neuer run,
They can doe no more wrong then they haue done.

Ia. What ayles my Griſill? comfort my childe.

Ba. Ile fetch Roſa ſolis. (tung

Marq. Poore ſoule her griefe burnes inward, yet her
Is loath to giue it freedome: I doe wrong,
My Griſill I doe wrong thee and, lament,
That for my ſake thou feel'ſt this languiſhment.
I came to try a ſeruant and a wife,
Both haue I proued true, that purſe of golde I brought,
And let it fall of purpoſe to relieue her,
Well may I giue her golde that ſo much grieue her,
As I came in by ſtealth, ſo Ile away,
Ioy has a tongue, but knowes not what to ſay. Exit.

Gri. So father I am well, I am well indeed,
I ſhould doe wondrous ill, ſhould I repine,
At my babes loſſe for they are none of mine.

Ia. I am glad thou tak'ſt this wound ſo patiently.

Ba. Whoope whether is my brother baſket-maker gone: ha let me ſee, I ſmell a rat, ſneakt hence and neuer take leaue, eyther hee's a craftie knaue, or elſe hee dogs Furio to byte him, for when a quarrell enters into a trade it ſerues ſeauen yeares before it be free.

Ia. Let him be whome he will, he ſeem'd our friend,
Griſill lay vp this golde tis Furioes ſure,
Or it may be thy Lord did giue it him,
To let it fall for thee, but keep it ſafe,
If he diſdaine to loue thee as a wife,
His golde ſhall not buy foode to nourith thee,
Griſill come in, time ſwiftly runs away,
The greateſt ſorrow hath an ending day. Exeunt.

Enter Gwenthyan and Rice, ſhe meanely, he like a Cooke.

Gwen. Rees, lay her table, and ſet out her ſtraines, and preades, and wines, and ale, and peare, and ſalt for her gueſte.

Ri. Yes forſooth my Lady but what ſhal I do with all yonder beggers?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into her Lady, goe.

Ri. How? the beggers in, wee ſhall haue a louzie feaſt Madame. Exit Rees.

Gwen. You raſcals prate no more, but fetch them in: ſhall pride Sir Owen a good teale well enough, is warrant her. Sir Owen is gone to bid her cozen Marqueſſe and a meiny to dyne at her houſe, but Gwenthyan ſhall riue her dinner I warrant her, for peggers ſhall haue all her meate.

Enter Rees with a company of beggers: a Table is ſet with meate.

Ri. Come my hearts, troope, troope, euery man follow his leader, heere's my Lady.

All. God bleſſe your Ladiſhip, God bleſſe your Ladiſhip.

Gwen. I thang you my good peggers, Rees pring ſtooles, ſtd awl downe, Rees pring more meate.

Ri. Heere Madame, Ile ſet it on, tak't off who will.

Beg. Let vs alone for that, my Lady ſhall we ſcramble or eate mannerly?

Gwen. Peggers I hope haue no manners, but firſt heare me pray you now, and then fall to out a crie.

Beg. Peace, heare my Lady, Jacke-mumble-crutt ſteale no penny loaues.

Gwen. Peggers, awl you know Sir Owen?

All. Paſſing well, paſſing well, God bleſſe his [illegible] ſhip.

1 Beg. Madame,

1 Beg. Madame, we know him as well as a begger knowes his dish.

Gwe. Awl these sittels is made for Cozen Marquesse: Sir Owen is gone to fedge him, but Sir owen has anger her Ladie.

1 Beg. More shame for him, hee's not a Knight, but a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen has anger her Lady, and therfore her Lady is anger Sir Owen.

1 Beg. Make him a cuckolde Madame, and vpon that I drinke to you: helter skelter here roagues, top and top gallant, pell mell, huffie tuffie, hem, God saue the Duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwen. Rees fedge wine and peares enough, and fall to pegger, and eate awl her sheare, and tomineere, see you now, pray doe.

A drunken feast, they quarrel and grow drunke, and pocket vp the meate, the dealing of Cannes like a set at Mawe.

Exit Rees.

Gwe. May I pray peggers be quiet, tag your meates, you haue trinkes enough I see, and get you home nowe good peggers.

1 Beg. Come you roagues, lets goe tag and rag, cut and long taile, I am victualed for a month, God bo'y Madame, pray God Sir owen and you may fall out euery day: Is there any harme in this now? hey tri-lill, giue the dog a loafe, fill the tother pot you whoore: God saue the Duke. Exeunt.

Gwe. I thang you good peggers, ha ha, this is fine sport, by God is haue peggers eate her sittales all day long.

Enter Sir Owen and Rees.

Ow. Where is the sheere Rees? Cods plude where?

Ri. I beseech you sir be patient, I tell you the beggers haue it.

Owen. Wad a pogs is doe with peggers? wad is peg-

gers

gueſts do at Knights houſe? Is peggers Sir Owens gueſte Rees?

Ri. No Sir Owen they were my Ladies gueſte.

Ow. Ha? you hungry raſcalles, where's her Ladie Gwenthyan? Cods plude peggers eate her ſheere and cozen Marqueſſe come.

Ri. I know not where my Lady is, but there's a begger woman, aſke her, for my Lady dealt her almes amongſt them her ſelfe.

Ow. A pogs on you pegger whore, where's ther pread and ſheere? Cod vdge me Ile pegger you for fittels.

Gwe. Hawld, hawld, hawld, what is mad now? here is her Lady: is her Lady pegger you raſcals?

Ri. No ſweet Madame, you are my Lady, a man is a man though he haue but a hoſe on his head, and you are my Lady though you want a hood.

Ow. How now? how now? ha ha, her Ladie in tawny coate, and tags and rags ſo? where is her meate Gwenthian?, where is her ſheere? her cozen Marqueſſe is heere and great teale of Shentlefolkes and Laties and Law?des pie and pie.

Gwe. What care her for Laties or cozen too, fittels is awl gone.

Ow. Dwe, gone? is her Ladie mad?

Gwen. No, our Lord is mad, you teare her ruffes and repatoes, and pride her, is her pridled now? is her repatoed now? is her teare in peeces now? Ile tedge her pride her Lady againe, her cozen Marqueſſe ſhall eate no pread and meate heere, and her Ladie Gwenthians will goe in tags and rags, and like pegger to bere and chaſe Sir Owen, ſee you now?

Owen. A pogs ſee her, Cods plude, what is doe now Rees?

Ri. Speake her faire Maſter for ſhee lookes wildely.

Owen. Is looke wildely indeede, Gwenthian pray goe in, and put prauerie vpon her packe and pelly, Cod vdge

me

me is pie new repatoes and ruffes for her Lady, pray doe so, pray good Ladyes.

Ri. Doe good Madame.

Gw. Cartho crogge, Cartho crogge, Gwenthian stones her flatteries, her Lady goe no petter, Sir Owen hang her selfe.

Ow. O mon Iago, her Pritish plude is not indure it by Cod: a pogs on her, put on her fine coates is pest, put on, goe to, put on.

Ri. Put off Sir Owen and thee'll put on.

Gwe. A pogs on her, is put on none, but goe like pegger.

Ow. Rees goe mag more fire, and let her haue more sheere.

Gwen Rees mag fire, and Ile scalde her like pigge, see you now?

Ri. I shall be peppered how ere the market goes.

Ow. Mag great teale of fires, or Sir Owen shall knog your eares.

Gwen. Make litle teale of fire, or Gwenthian shall cut off your eares: and pob you, & pob you Rees, see you now?

Ri. Holde good Madame, I see you and feele you too, y'are able to set stones together by th'eares: I beseech you be quiet both, Ile make a fire Sir Owen to please you.

Ow. Doe Rees Ile pride her Ladies well enough.

Gwen. Will you, you rascals?

Ri. Nay but heare you sweet Madame, Ile make a fire to please Sir Owen, and when it burnes, Ile quench it to please you. Exit.

Enter Farnezie apace.

Far. Ha ha ha, why how now Sir Owen, your Cozen the Marquesse and all your guestes are at hand, and I see no meate towards. (ward.

Ow. Is no meate toward, but her Laty is ferre vnto-

Far. What bagadge is this stands laughing thus?

Ow. A pogs on her, tis our Laty bagadge tis Gwen-

thian.

Fa. How my Lady Gwenthian? ha ha ha.

Enter Marqueſſe, Iulio, Onophria, Vrcenze, Mario.

Marq. You ſee Sir Owen we are ſoone inuited, where is your wife the Lady Gwenthian?

Owen. Is come pie and pie, God bge me Gwenthian pray put on your prauerie and fine knags, and ſhame not Sir Owen, yes truely Gwenthian is come out pie and pie, Man gras worthe whee cozen Marqueſſe, Man gras worthe whee cozen Iulia, is welcome awl.

Fa. Ha ha welcome, come come Mabano appeare in your likenes, or rather in the likenes of another, my Lord y'are beſt ſend backe to your owne Cookes, if you meane to ſet your teeth a worke to day.

Marq. Why Farneze what's the matter?

Fa. Nay there's no matter in it, the fire's quencht, the victuals giuen to beggers, Sir Owens kitchin lookes like the firſt Chaos, or like a Wyuers ſtall, full of odde endes: or like the end of ſome terrible battle, for vpon euery deſſer lyes legges and feathers, and heads of poore Capons and wilde foule that haue bin drawne and quartred, and now mourne that their carkaſſes are caried away: his are not reumatiche, for there's no ſpitting heere lye fiſh in a pittifull pickle, there ſtandes the coffins of pyes, wherein the dead bodies of birdes ſhould haue been buried, but their ghoſtes haue forſaken their graues & walkt abroad: the beſt ſport is to ſee the ſcullians, ſome laughing, ſome crying, & whilſt they wipe their eies they blacke their faces, the Cookes curſe her Lady, and ſome pray for our Lord.

Marq. Sir Owen Meredith is all this true? (true.

Ow. True, et is true I warrant her pogs on her too

Ono. You tolde his Grace you had tam'd your wife.

Owen. By God is tell her a lye then, her wife has pi-

dlop

bled & tam'd her indeed: cozen Marquesse because Grisill is made foole and turne away, Gwenthian mag foole at sir owen: is good: ha, is good:

Gwen. Tis lye cozen Marguesse, is terrible lye: tawsone en Ennoh Cwewle, tis lye, tis lye, sir Owen teare her repatoes and ruffes, and pride her Ladie, & bid her hang her selfe, but is pride I warrant her, is not Sir Owen?

owe. Adologg whee bethogh en Thlonigh, en Moyen due, Gwenthian.

Gwe. Ne vetho en thlonigh, gna watha gethla Tee.

Vrc. What sayes she sir Owen?

Owe. I pray & pray her for Cods loue be quiet, spinde her say her will not be quiet, do what Sir owen can: mon due Gwenthian, Me knocke the pen, en vmbleth, pobe des, and pobe nose.

Gwe. Gwenogh olcha vesagh whee, en herawgh, &c.

Iu. Stand betweene them Farneze.

Far. You shall bob no nose heere.

Gwe. En herawgh Ee? me gravat the Legatee, athlan och pendee, adroh ornymee on dictar, en hecar Ee.

Ono. Doth she threaten you Sir owen? binde her to the peace.

owe. By Cod is threaten her indeed, her saies shee'll scradge out Sir owens eyes, and her frowne vpon her, a pogs on her nailes.

Marq. Oh my deare Grisill, how much different
Art thou to this curst spirit heere, I say
By Grisils vertues shine Sir Meredith.
And Cozen Gwenthian come Ile haue you friends,
This dinner shall be sau'd and all shall say,
Tis done, because tis Gwenthians fasting day.

Gwe. Gwenthian scawines to be free des, her Ladie will be Master Sir owen.

ow. By Cod ile see her Latie hang'd first: cozen Marquesse & cozens awl, pray tag time & stay heere, Ree shall

bꝛelle moꝛe fittels, and ſhall dine her in ſpite of her Ladie: God ſplude Rees Rees. Exit.

Gwe. Will you? Is try that pie and pie: Stethe whee lawer, Cozen Marqueſſe Stethe whee lawer Gentlemen, Gwenthian is not pꝛidled ſo ſoone. Exit.

Marq. Ile ſee the peace kept ſure, doe what he can, I doubt his wife will pꝛoue the better man. Exit.

Iul. Signior Mario you ſay nothing, how like you this interlude?

Mari. So well Madame, that I rather wiſh to play the begger, then a Kinges part in it in Sir Owens apparrell.

Iul. Why this it is to be married, thus you ſee thoſe that goe to wooe, goe to woe, oh for a Dꝛum to ſummon all my louers, my ſuitors, my ſeruants together.

Fa. I appeare ſweet miſtreſſe without ſummons.

Ono. So does Onophrio.

Vrc. So does Vrcence.

Iul. Signior Emulo I ſee will not bee ſeene without calling.

Far. No faith Madame, he's blowne vp, no calling can ſeruе him, hee has taine another manner of calling vpon him, and I hope repents the folly of his youth.

Iul. If he follow that vocation well he'll pꝛoone wealthy in wit.

Vrc. He had need fo: his head is very poo:e.

Far. Well miſtris wee appeare without dꝛumming, what's your parley (and yet not ſo) your eyes are the dꝛums that ſummons vs.

Vrc. And your beauty the colours we fight vnder.

Ono. And the touch of your ſoft hand, armes vs at al pointes with deuotion to ſerue you, deſire to obey you, and vowes to loue you.

Iu. Nay then in faith make me all ſouldier, mine eies a dꝛum, my beautie your colours, and my hand your armour: what becomes of the reſt?

Fa. If

Far. It becomes vs to reſt, before we come to the reſt, yet for a needs we could turne you into an armourie: as for example, your lips (let me ſee) no point of war for your lips: can I put them to no vſe but kiſſing: oh yes, if you change them to ſhoote out vnkinde language to vs that ſtand at your mercie, they are two culuerins to deſtroy vs.

Iul. That ile trie: my tongue ſhall giue fire to my words preſently.

All. Oh be more mercifull faire Iulia.

Iul. Not I, would you haue mee pittie you and puniſh my ſelfe: would you wiſh me to loue: when loue is ſo full of hate: how vnlouely is loue: how bitter: how ful of blemiſhes, my Lord and brother inſults our Griſill, that makes me glad, Gwenthyan curbs Sir Owen, that makes you glad, Sir Owen is maiſtred by his Miſtris that makes you mad, poore Griſil is martred by her Lord that makes you merrie, for I alwaies wiſh that a womã may neuer meete better bargaines, when ſheele thruſt her ſweet libertie into the hands of a man: fye vpon you, you're nothing but woormewood, and oake, and glaſſe: you haue bitter tongues, hard hearts, and brittle faith.

Ono. Condemne vs not till you trye our loues.

Iul. Sweet ſeruant ſpeake not in this language of loue, Gwenthyans peeuiſhnes and Griſils patience, make me heere to defie that Ape Cupid, if you loue ſtand vpon his lawes, I charge you leaue it, I charge you neither to ſigh for loue, nor ſpeake of loue, nor frowne for hate: if you ſigh ile mocke you, if you ſpeake ile ſtop mine eares, if you frowne ile bend my fiſt.

Far. Then youle turne warriour in deede.

Iul. Had I not needs encountring with ſuch enemies: but ſay will you obay and followe mee or diſobay, and Ile flie you.

Ono. I obay ſince it is your pleaſure.

Vre. I obay though I taſte no pleaſure in it.

Farn. I obay to, but ſo God helpe me miſtris I ſhall ſhew you a faire paire of heeles and crie a new Miſtris a new, if any pittifull creature will haue me.

Iul. Better loſt then found if you be ſo wauering.

Enter Marqueſſe, Lepido, Sir owen, Gwenthyan braue, and Furio.

Marq. Furio hie thee to olde Ianicolaes,
Charge him, his daughter Griſſil, and his Sonne
To come to Court, to doe ſuch office,
Of duetie to our marriage, as ſhall like
Our ſtate to lay vpon them.

Iul. Oh my Lord,
Her not poore Griſſill more, alas her heart,

Marq. Tut tut, ile haue my will and tame her pride,
Ile make her be a ſeruant to my bride,
Iulia Ile bridle her.

Iul. You doe her wrong.

Marq. Siſter correct that errour, come Sir owen,
Is not this better muſicke then your brawles?

ow. Yes as God vdg me is: how cozen Iulia, is out a crie friends now, Gwenthyan is laugh: be ferie patience now Sir Owen kiſſe her Ladie, a great teale now: ſee els?

Far. I but Sir owen, the kiſſing her Lady is no muſh to vs, if wee kiſſe the poſte.

owe. Owe her cozen Marqueſſe has terrible mightie newes for tell her, or els is made readie a great banquit at home for awl, pray come home, is awll ready for her, her Ladie ſay not boepeepe now: but firſt heare her cozen Marqueſſe newes,

Marq. Iulia and Gentlemen theſe are the newes,
Brought on the wings of haſt and happines,
By truſtie Lepido our endeared brother,
Is hard at hand who in his companie,
Brings my faire ſecond choice a worthie bride,

Attended

Attended by the States of Pauia,
Shees daughter to the Duke of Brandenburgh,
Now shall no subiects enuious soule repine,
And call her base whome now I will make mine,
None shall vpbraid me now, (as they haue done)
That I will slay a daughter and a Sonne,
Grisills, two babes are dead, and hid by scorne,
But that faire issue that shall now be borne
Shall make a satisfaction of all wrongs.
Come gentlemen we will goe meete this traine,
Let euerie one put on a smiling browe,
Sir Owen I will haue your company,
And your's faire cozen: well remembred to,
Bring your three wands Sir Owen to the Court,
Though Gwenthyan looke with a smoother eye,
Ile teach you how to win the soueraignetie.

Ow. Is glad of that, ha, ha, ha, tag heed of wands Lady,

Gwen. Tag heede of nailes knight,

Marq. We play the vnthrifts in consuming time,
Though your curst wife make some afraid to woe
Yet Ile woe once more and be married to.

Ow. Cod doge me Sir Owen would hang before her marrie once more, if I were another Patcheler: marie owe. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Laureo reading and Babulo with him.

Bab. Come I haue left my worke to see what matters you mumble to your selfe, faith Laureo I would you could leaue this lattin, and fal to make baskets, you think tis enough if at dinner you tell vs a tale of Pignies, and then munch vp our victuals, but that fits not vs: or the historie of the well Helicon, & then drinke vp our beare we cannot line vpon it.

Lau. A Scholler doth disdaine to spend his spirits,
Vpon such base imploiments as hand labours.

Bab. Then

Ba. Then you ſhould diſdaine to eate vs out of houſe & home: you ſtand all day peeping into an ambrie there, and talke of monſters and miracles, and countries to no purpoſe: before I fell to my trade I was a traueller, and found more in one yeare then you can by your poets and paltries in ſeauen yeares.

Lau. What wonders haſt thou ſeene, which are not heere?

Ba. Oh God, I pittie thy capacitye good ſcholler: as a little wind makes a ſweet ball ſmell, ſo a crumme of learning makes your trade proude: what wonders? wonders not of nine daies, but 1599. I haue ſeene vnder Iohn Preſter and Tamer Cams people, with heds like Dogs.

Lau. Alas of ſuch there are too manie heere,
All Italie is full of them that ſnarle,
And bay and barke at other mens abuſe
Yet liue themſelues like beaſtes in all abuſe.

Bab. Its true I know manie of that complexion, but I haue ſeene many without heads, hauing their eyes noſe and mouths in their breaſts.

Lau. Whie thats no wonder, euerie ſtreete with vs, Swarmes full of ſuch,

Ba. I could neuer ſée them.

Lau. Doſt thou not ſee our wine-bellie drunkards reele?
Our fat fed gluttons wallow in the ſtreetes,
Hauing no eyes but to behold their guts,
No heads but braineles ſcalpes, no ſence to ſmell,
But where full feaſtes abound in all exceſſe
Theſe Epimœi be our Epicures.

Ba. I haue ſéene monſters of that colour to: but what ſay you to them that haue but one leg, and yet will out run a horſe?

Lau. Such are our banckrouts and our fugitiues,
Scarſe hauing one good leg, or one good limbe,
Out run their creditors, and thoſe they wrong.

Bab. Was

Ba. Was tis true there was a cripple in our village, ran beyond Venice, and his Creditors with their beſt legs could neuer ſince take him, but let me deſcend & grow lower and lower, what ſay you to the litle litle Pigmies, no higher then a boyes gig, and yet they tug & fight with the long neckt Cranes.

Lau. Oh poore and wretched people are the Pigmies,
Oh rich oppreſſors the deuouring Cranes,
Within my fathers houſe Ile ſhew thee Pigmies,
Thou ſeeſt my ſiſter Griſill ſhee's a Pigmie.

Ba. Shee's a pretty little woman indeed, but too big for a Pigmie.

Lau. I am a Pigmie.

Ba. Fye fye, worſe and worſe.

Lau. My olde father's one.

Ba. No no no, Giants all.

Lau. The Marqueſſe is the rich deuouring Crane,
That makes vs leſſe then Pigmies, worſe then wormes.

Enter Ianicola with an Angling rod, Griſill with a reele, and Furio.

Ba. Ponder they come and a Crane with them.

Fur. Ianicola, leaue your fiſh-catching, and you your reeling, you and you ſirra you muſt trudge to Court preſently.

Ian. Muſt we againe be harried from content?
To liue in a more grieuous baniſhment.

Lau. Me thinkes my Lord the Marqueſſe ſhould bee
With mariage of another, and forbeare, (pleas'd
With trumpets to proclaime this iniurie,
And to vere Griſill with ſuch lawleſſe wrong.

Gri. Tis no veration, for what pleaſeth him,
Is the contentment of his hand-maides heart.

Fur. Will you goe?

Ian. Yes we will goe,
To flye from happines to finde out woe.

Ba. Good Furio vanish, we haue no appetite, tell your Maister, Clownes are not for the Court, wee'll keepe Court our selues, for what doe Courtiers but wee doe the like: you eate good cheere, and wee eate good bread and cheese: you drinke wine, and we strong beare: at night you are as hungry slaues as you were at none, why so are wee: you goe to bed, you can but sleepe, why and so doe wee: in the morning you rise about eleuen of the cloche, why there we are your betters, for wee are going before you: you weare silkes, and wee sheepe-skinnes, innocence caries it away in the world to come, and therefore vanish good Furio, torment vs not good my sweet Furio.

Fur. Alle Ile haue you snaffled,

Ba. It may be so, but then Furio Ile kicke.

Fu. Will you goe, or shall I force you?

Gri. You neede not, for Ile run to serue my Lord,
Or if I wanted legs, vpon my knees
Ile creepe to Court so I may see him pleas'd,
Then courage Father.

Ian. Well said patience,
Thy vertues arme mine age with confidence,
Come son, bond-men must serue, shall we away?

Lau. I, I, but this shall proone a fatall day.

Gri. Brother, for my sake doe not wrong your selfe.

Lau. Shall I in silence bury all our wrongs?

Gri. Yes when your words cannot get remedy,
Learne of me Laureo I that share most woe,
Am the least moou'd, father leane on mine arme,
Brother leade you the way, whilst wretched I
Vpholde olde age, and cast downe miserie.

Fu. Away.

Ba, Did ye, you haue fisht faire & catcht a frog. Exeunt

Enter Marquesse, Paula Lepido, Onophrio, Vrcenzi, Farnezi, and Mario.

Marq. Lords as you loue our State, affect our loues,

Like

Like of your owne content, respect your liues,
Vrge vs no further, Gwalter is resolu'd,
To marry the halfe heyre of Brandenburgh,
My brother Paule with no small expence,
Hath brought the Princesse out of Germany,
Together with Prince Gwalter her young brother,
Now they are come, learne of the rising Sunne,
Scatter the clowdy mistes of discontent,
As he dispereth vapours with his beames.

Pau. Brother, there is no eye but brightly shines,
Gladnes doth lodge in your Nobles lookes,
Nor haue they any cause to cloude their browes.

Enter Sir Owen, Gwenthian, and Rees with wandes.

Far. Oh heere comes Sir Owen, and my Lady patience, roome there.

owen. Tardaugh Cozen Marquesse & Lawdes awl.

Mar. Welcome good cozen Gwenthian, wil you please. Goe in, and lend your presence to my bride?

Gwe. Cozen, tis her intentions so to do, but I sweare and I were Griffill, I would pull her eyes out, & she were as many Shermaines daughter as there be owes in Cambria, and that is aboue twenty score and a lidle more, you know Sir Owen?

Ow. Yes truely aboue a dozen more is warrant her.

Marq. Griffill is patient Madame, be you pleas'd.

Gwen. Well, and she bee so baselies minded tis well, but I know what I know, Sir Owen heere thinkes to make Gwenthians so patience, sir owen tis awl in vaines, well I goe to her Brides. Exit.

Ow. You prade and you taug Gwenthians, but I made you put on parrels for awl your taug and prade: Rees, where's Rees ping the wandes heere Rees.

Ri. They are heere sir, in the twinckling of an eye.

owe. Cozen, when her weddings are done and at leasures, I will learne your medicines to tame shrewes.

Marq. You ſhall anon good Cozen Meredith.

Ow. Stand by Rees, walke in the halles among the ſeruingmans, keepe her wandes till I call, heare you now?

Enter Furio.

Ri. Yes Sir. Exit.

Marq. Furio, are Griſſill and the other come?

Fur. Yes, they are come.

Marq. Are they imployed according to our charge?

Fu. They are.

Marq. How does her brother take it?

Fu. Ill.

Marq. How her Father?

Fu. Well.

Marq. How her ſelfe?

Fu. Better.

Marq. Furio, goe call out Griſſill from the Bride.

Fu. I will. Exit Furio.

Farn. It's pitty that fellow was not made a Soldier, hee ſhould haue but a word and a blow at his hands.

Enter Ianicola and Babulo carrying coales, Laureo with wood, Griſſill with wood.

Ba. Maſter goe you but vnder the Cole-ſtaffe, Babulo can beare all, ſtaffe baſket and all.

Ian. It is the Marqueſſe pleaſure I muſt drudge, Loade me I pray thee, I am borne to beare.

Lau. But Ile no longer beare a logger head, Thus Ile caſt downe his ſewell in diſpight, So, though my heart be ſad, my ſhoulder's light.

Gri. Alas what doe you brother, ſee you not Our dread Lord yonder? come performe his will, Oh in a ſubiect this is too too ill. (loade?

Marq. What mean'ſt thou fellow to caſt downe thy

Lau. I haue caſt downe my burthen not my loade, The loade of your groſſe wrongs lyes heere like leade.

Marq. What fellow is this?

Gri. Pous

Gris. Your handmaid Grissils brother,
Marq. Take him away into the Porters lodge,
Lau. Lodge me in dungeons, I will still exclaime,
On Gwalters cursed acts and hated name. Exit. with Mar.
Marq. Grissill Take you his load and beare it in.
Ba. Thy tiger minded monstrous Marquesse, make thy Ladie a collier?
Marq. Whats that that villiane prates so?
Bab. God blesse the noble Marquesse,
Marq. Sirha take you his coales, Grissill depart,
Returne but beare that first, (at him.
Gris. With all my heart. Exeunt. Gris. and Ba. grinning
Marq. Stay you Ianicola, I haue heard you sing.
Ian. I could haue sung when I was free from care.
Marq. What grief can in your aged bosome lie?
Ian. Griefe that I am ungratious in your eye,
Ba. Then would he not desire your company.

Enter Grissill.

Marq. Ianicola here is a bridall song,
Play you the Larke to greete my blessed sunne,
Grissill are you return'd? play you the morning,
To leade forth Gratiana my bright bride:
Goe in and waite on her Ianicola.
Sing Hymeneus himmes, Musicke I say. Exit. Grissill.
Ow. Tawsone Tawsone Cozens aul, and here harmonies and sol faes.

The Song.

Song. Beautie arise, shew foorth thy glorious shining,
Thine eyes feed Loue, for them he standeth pyning,
Honour and youth attend to doe their duetie,
To thee (their onely soueraigne) Beautie.
Beautie arize, whilst we thy seruants sing,
Loue to Hymen wedlocke iocund King.
Io to Hymen Io Io sing.
of wedlock, loue, and youth is Hymen King.

Beautie

Beauty arise, beauty arise, thy glorious lightes display,
Whilst we sing Io, glad to see this day,
Io Io to Hymen Io Io sing,
Of wedlocke, loue, and youth is Hymen King.
Marq. Art thou as glad in soule as in thy song?
Ian. Who can be glad when he indureth wrong?
Ow. As God vdge me Ian Niclas is honest man, hee does not flatter and semble, but tell his intentions: owe more melodies, owe heere come her new pride.

Musicke sounds, enter Grissill alone, after her the Marquesse Sonne and daughter, Iulia, Gwenthian and other Ladies, and Mario and Furio.

Marq. Salute my beautious loue.
All. All ioy betide to Gratians our deare Marquesse Bride.
Marq. Bring me a crowne of gold to crowne my loue,
A wreath of willow for dispised Grissill.
Gri. Grissill is not despised in your eye,
Sithence you name her name so gently.
Ow. Gwenthians there's wiues, there's patient wiues
Gwe Fuh fuh is foles, Tawsone is arrant pebie foles.
Marq. Grissill place you this crowne vpon her head,
Put these imbroidered slippers on her feete.
Tis well, deliuer me your wedding ring,
Circle her finger with it, now stand by,
Art thou content with all?
Gris. Content with all.
Marq. My Bride is Crown'd, now tell me all of you,
Which of you euer saw my loue before?
What is her name, her birth, place, or estate,
Lep. Till now I neuer beheld her beautie.
Ono. Nor I. Vrc. Trust me nor I.
Far. By my troth nor I.
Mari. We heare that she was borne in Germany,
And halfe heyre to the Duke of Brandenburgh.

Marq. You

Marq. You all heare this, and all thinke this?
All. We doe.
Marq. Then Fu. stand thou forth, Lords in his brest
A loyall seruants true soule doth rest,
Furio shall be apparelled in a robe.
Fur. I shall not become it.
Marq. Some that are great put robes on Parasites,
Mario, Lepido come you two hither,
Are not you richly clad? haue I done so?
Both. What meanes your grace by this?
Marq. Graceless, haue done,
Truth, seldome dwels in a still talking tongue,
Furio bring Laureo from the Porters lodge,
Take in Ianicola, and cloath them both
In rich abiliments, they shall awhile
Be flattered with false fortunes wanton smiles.
Ia. Fortune can do no more then she hath done,
They that are markt to woe, to woe must run. Exit Furio
Marq. How doe you like my Bride? & Ianicola,
Gri. I thinke her blest.
To haue the loue of such a noble Lord.
Marq. You flatter me.
Grisi. Indeed I speake the truth,
Onely I prostrately beseech your grace,
That you consider of her tender yeares,
Which as a flower in spring may soone be nipt,
With the least frost of colde aduersity.
Marq Why are not you then nipt? you still seeme fresh
As if aduersities colde yce hand,
Had neuer laide his fingers on your heart.
Gri. It neuer toucht my heart, aduersity
Dwels still with them that dwels with misery,
But milde content hath eas'd me of that yoake,
Patience hath borne the bruize and I the stroke.

Enter Furio, Ianicola, and Laureo, striuing about attyre,

Lau. Giue

Lau. Giue him his ſilkes they ſhal not touch my back
Marq. What ſtrife is there, what aileth Laureo?
Lau. I will not weare proud trappings like a beaſt,
Yet hourelie feele the ſcornfull riders ſpurre,
Marq. Cloth olde Ianicola in rich attire,
Ian. Doe, lo ad me, ſo; to beare is my deſire.
Marq. Doe ye repine, nay then ile ver you more,
Griſſill I will receiue this ſecond wife
From none but from thy hands: come giue her mée,
Griſ. I heere preſent you with an endleſſe bliſſe,
Rich honour, beautious vertue, vertuous youth,
Long liue my Lord with her contentedly.
owe. Marg patience there Gwenthyan ſee you thade?
Marq. Griſſill doſt thou deliuer me this maide,
As an vntainted flower which I ſhall keepe,
Deſpite of enuies canker, till the ruſt,
Of all conſuming death finiſh her liſe?
Gri. I doe my deare Lord, and as willingly
As I deliuered vp my maiden youth.
Marq. What ſaies Ianicola?
Ia. I ſay but thus,
— Great men are Gods, and they haue power ore vs,
Marq. Griſſill hold faſt the right hand of my bride,
Thou wearſt a willow wreath and ſhe a crowne,
True bride take thou the crowne and ſhe the wreath,
Mari. My gratious Lord you doe miſtake your ſelfe.
Marq. Peace peace, thou Siccophant Griſſil receiue
Large intereſts for thy loue and ſufferance.
Thou gau'ſt me this faire maide, I in exchange,
Returne thee her: and this young Gentleman
Thy Sonne and daughter kiſſe with patience,
And breath thy vertuous ſpirit into their ſoules.
owe. Owe Sir Owen marg you now, the man is yéelded to her Latie, learne now Sir owen learne, learne knight your ductie, ſee you thade?
Marq. Why ſtands my wronged Griſſil thus amazed?

Griſ. Joy,

Gris. Joy feare, loue hate, hope doubts incompasse me:
Are these my children I supposed slaine?

Ia. Are these my nephewes that were murdred?

Gri. Blessing distill on you like morning deaw,
My soule knit to your soules, knowes you are mine.

Ma. They are, if I am thine: Lords looke not strange,
These two are they, at whose birthes enuies tongue,
Darted enuenom'd stings, these are the fruite
Of this most vertuous tree, that multitude,
That many headed beastes, nipt their sweet hearts,
With wrongs, with bitter wrongs, al you haue wrong'd
My selfe haue done most wrong, for I did try (her,
To breake the temper of true constancie:
But these whom all thought murdred are aliue,
My Grisill liues, and in the booke of Fame,
All worldes in golde shall register her name.

Le. Mar. Most dreaded Lord.

Marq. Arise flatterers get you gone, Exeunt Lep. Ma.
Your soules are made of blacke confusion.
Father Ianicola.

Ia. Oh pardon me,
Though dumbe betwirt my griefe and ioy I be.

Marq. Who stands thus sad, what brother Laureo?

Lau. Pardon me my gratious Lord, for now I see,
That Schollers with weake eyes, poze on their bookes,
But want true soules to iudge on Maiestie:
None else but Kings can know the hearts of Kings,
Hence forth my pride shall fly with humbler wings.

Marq. Our pardon and our loue circle thee round,
Lets all to banquet, mirth our cares confound.

Ow. Hold:, holde, holde, banquet? if you banquet so, Sir Owen is like to haue sheere, her Latie heere is cog a hoope now at this, pray Cozen keepe your promise, Rees the wandes Rees, your medicines and fine trigs to tame shrewes.

Marq. Furio where be the wands that I bound vp?

Fur. Heere my Lord.

Marq. I wreath'd them then ſir Owen, and you ſee
They ſtill continue ſo, wreath you theſe three.

Ow. Owe winde them, yes is winde them and mag good mightie cudgell, to tame and knog her Latie, and ſhe prawle, or crie, or giue preade and meate to peggers, or teare pendes, by Cod is well remembred too, Cozen you promiſ'd to helpe her to her Duckegs, for all her paper and pendes is tozne?

Mar. And I will kæp my promiſe, wreath your wands

Owen. Owe Gods lid mine is ſtubberne like Gwenthians, Gods plude ſee it preakes in ſnip ſnap peeces, what now Cozen?

Marq. But cozen theſe you ſee did gently bowe,
I tride my Griſſils patience when twas greene,
Like a young Oſier, and I moulded it
Like ware to all impreſſions: married men
That long to tame their wiues muſt curbe them in,
Before they næd a bridle, then they'l prooue
All griſſils full of patience, full of loue,
Yet that olde tryall muſt be tempered ſo,
Leaſt ſeeking to tame them they maſter you.

Owen. By Cod is true as Pible and Goſpel, oh true out a cry.

Marq. But you Sir Owen giuing her the head,
As you gaue liberty to thoſe three wandes,
Shee'll breake as thoſe doe, if you bend her now,
And then y'are paſt all helpe, for if you ſtriue,
You'll gaine as gameſters doe that ſildome thriue.

owe. What ſhall doe to her Latie then? is peſt run away cozen, or knog her braines out? for is as faliant as Mars if I be anger.

Iul. That were a ſhame eyther to run away from a woman, or to ſtrike her, your beſt Phiſicke Sir Owen, is to weare a veluet hand, leaden eares, and no tongue, you muſt not fight howſoeuer the quarrels, you muſt be deafe

when

whensoeuer she brawles, and dumbe when your selfe should brabble: take this cawdle next your heart euery morning, and if your wife be not patient, the next remedy that I know is, to buy your winding sheete.

Gwe. Cozen Marquesse, cozen Iulia, and Lawrds and Laties all, it shall not need as her cozen has tryed Grisill, so Gwenthian has Sir Owen.

Ow. Diwe, by Cod is thought should pull her downe, ah ha.

Gwe. Is not pul'd downe neither, but sir Owen shal be her head, and is sorry has anger her head and mag it ake, but pray god knight be not proude & triumph too much & treade her Latie downe, God vdge mee will tag her will againe doe what her can.

Ow. By Cod is loue her out a cry now, sir owen could tame her before, but Brittish proude scrawrnes to fide wt Laties, yes faith scornes out a cry, a pogs ont tis nought: Gwenthian shall no more be call'd Gwenthian but patient Grisill, ah ha is.

Marq. Our ioyes are compleate, forward to our feast, Patience hath won the prize and now is blest.

Iu. Nay brother your pardon awhile: besides our selues there are a number here, that haue beheld Grisils patience, you owne tryals, and Sir Owens sufferance, Gwenthians frowardnes, these Gentlemen louertine, and my selfe a hater of loue: amongst this company I trust there are some mayden batchelers, and virgin maydens, those that liue in that freedome & loue it, those that know the war of mariage and hate it, set their hands to my bill, which is rather to dye a mayde and leade Apes in hell, then to liue a wife and be continually in hell.

Gwen. Iulia by your leaues a litle while, you taug and you prable about thidings in mariages, and you abuse yong mens and damsels, & fraide them from good sportes and honorable states: but heare you now, awl that bes sembled heere, know you that discord's mag good mu-

ſicke, and when loners fall out is ſoone fall in, and tis good you knaw: pray you al be maried, for wedlocke increaſes peobles and cities, awl you then that haue huſbands that you would pride, ſet your hands to Gwenthians pill, for tis not fid that poore womens ſhould be kept alwaies vnder.

Marq. Since Iulia of the maides, and Gwenthian
Of froward wiues, intreate a kinde applaude,
See Griſſill among all this multitude,
Who will be friend to gentle patience?

Ow. Ha ha ha, Griſſil is weary, pray let ſir owen ſpeag Griſſill is patient, and her cozen is patient, therefore is ſpeage for two, Gods plude you ſee her Latie is ſpride of buttrie, yet ſir owen tame her and teare her ruffes, & mag her cry and put on her parrels, and ſay is sozry Sir owen, marg that well: if ſir owen was not patient, her Latie had not beene pridled, if Griſſill had not beene patient her cozen Marqueſſe had not been pridled: well now if you loue ſir owens Latie, I hope you loue ſir owen too, or is grow mighty angry, ſir owen loue you as God bdge mee out a cry, a terrible teale, doe you heare now, then pray awl that haue crabbed huſbands and cannot mend them, as Griſſils had, and awl that haue firen wiues, and yet is tame her well enough as ſir owen does, & awl that haue ſcoldes as ſir owen does, and awl that loue faire Laties as ſir owen does, to ſed her two hands to his pill, and by God ſhall haue ſir owens heard and ſoule in his pellie: and ſo God ſaue you all. Man gras wertha whee, Man gras wortha whee. God night Cozens awl. Exeunt.

FINIS.

PR
2411
P2
1603a

Patient Grissill
Patient Grissill

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY